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THE BUILDING . . .
BYE-LAWS.

AFTER some months of preparation the Building Bye-laws Reform Association has got itself into thorough working order. The Duke of Westminster, who has consented to act as its president, has qualifications beyond those of any other man in England for the office, and Sir William Chance, whose activity and energy have greatly conducted to the success of the movement, may be trusted in his capacity of acting captain. The objects aimed at by this association are such as ought to commend themselves to every thoughtful man and woman. The Building Bye-laws, as we have had occasion more than once to point out, are medieval in the sense that they would extinguish freedom of thought and action and substitute authority, with the inevitable result of giving us uniform and commonplace building and cramping the expression of individual genius. Two years ago, when we conducted a successful crusade against the Building Bye-laws applied to rural districts, we had no difficulty in pointing out the absurdity of some of these regulations. At the time we carefully refrained from criticising the Urban Bye-laws, not because we approved of them in any way, but for the simple reason that with us rural interests come first, and it is a good proverb which says that half a loaf is better than no bread. A great deal was gained when we managed to get rid of the more unreasonable of the bye-laws affecting country districts. Its ultimate aim is to see that the principles of building are understood and acted upon alike in town and country, but that

is a distant object that it may take years to realise, and here, as in most cases, the wisest policy is that of attacking the evil in detail. Wherever bye-laws have to be drawn up or modified, those responsible for doing so will do well to seek the advice of the new association. What was lost sight of completely in originally drawing up the regulations was that different bye-laws must be applied to different districts. An example of what we mean may be cited in the matter of foundation. A really good law would be the broad one that a foundation should be solid, dry, and sufficient for its purpose; that in the Model Bye-laws is to the effect that it must be of concrete—that is to say, whether you are building on rock or building in a marsh, you have to make exactly the same foundation, which is absurd.

In framing a set of bye-laws for any locality, therefore, the first thing to be done is to take into account the local requirements and circumstances. What would be excellent in low ground would not be so good on high ground, and *vice versa*. Again, it seems to have been assumed by the framers that bricks of a certain size and stones of a certain size should alone be used; but this sets aside one of the principles of good building, that material that is characteristic of the neighbourhood should invariably be used if possible, and to apply the same uniform law to a soft stone and to granite is the ruin of good building.

Another practical difficulty experienced wherever building has been done is that the law has, so to speak, been automatically applied. Its administration is technically in the hands of the governing local body, but in practice this means that a surveyor is employed. Now we have no wish to be rude, either to members of local governments or to their officials, but it is no more than the truth to say that neither one nor the other have in any, except the most exceptional cases, the slightest knowledge of building or architecture. It would be wrong to expect it of them. The worthy citizen who is making a comfortable subsistence by following out some branch of trade cannot fairly be expected to be versed in architecture, nor would it be reasonable to look for an architectural expert in a man who is probably paid at the rate of thirty or forty shillings a week. Thus the work of the architect is judged by those who know nothing about it, and in consequence are driven of necessity to apply the bye-laws in the most mechanical and automatic manner conceivable. Surely the inference from this is too obvious for comment. If a butcher or a baker were to be asked to pronounce an opinion on the pictures in the Royal Academy, or a tailor required to deliver judgment on the latest work of Mr. Swinburne, it would not be more absurd than to allow these people to bring the architect and the builder up to judgment. That is to say, it is not only necessary to improve the bye-laws, but the personnel of those who apply them ought also to be completely reformed. Automatic rules applied to such an art as building cannot but be injurious in themselves, and they are rendered much more so when their administration is in the hands of those who, not having an intelligent knowledge of the art, are compelled to go by a literal construction of the wording of the rule.

It is very apparent, then, that the Building Bye-laws Reform Association has a long and difficult task before it. It has not only to agitate for the rescinding of bad regulations, but it has the much greater and more difficult task of educating people's minds into a taste for excellence. Were anyone to dispute the truth of this remark or deem it too severe, we could give them no more wholesome exercise than that of making a journey through the great English provincial towns. At the end of it the impression could not be other than that of having made a pilgrimage through miles of hideousness and chaos. Where new houses have been built it is rare indeed to find that the erection is either solid, substantial, or elegant. The local surveyor, wherever he is, seems to exercise the same malign influence and exerts it only in favour of ugliness, and the restoration of houses is usually conducted in a way to make the angels weep. We could name several that have been in the hands of the restorer, or are there at the present moment, in which the exquisite work done three or four centuries ago or even more is being marred and disfigured by the false ideas generated during the prevalence of these bye laws, which have militated invariably against the evolution of characteristic and beautiful building.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Freeman Thomas and her second son, Inigo Brassey, who was born in 1899. Mrs. Freeman Thomas, who was married in 1892, is the third daughter of Lord Brassey, to whom, when Governor of Victoria from 1895-98, Mr. Freeman Thomas acted as aide-de-camp. Mr. Freeman Thomas has sat as Liberal M.P. for Hastings since October, 1900. His country house is Ratton, Willingdon, Sussex, of which county he is a J.P.

COUNTRY NOTES

THE King and Queen have returned to town after what has been a pleasant and yet a stately visit to "guid auld Scotland." Someone started a comparison last week between that country as it was under its fair and ill-fated Queen Mary and as it is now. And it was not quite so absurd as might have been expected. Anyone comparing extant pictures of such men as Maitland of Lethington, John Knox, and the Regent Murray with the photographs of the noblemen and civic fathers who paid their homage to the King will see the same shrewd, stern faces amid all the changes that time has brought. The land is no longer hungry and turbulent, however, and the dangers facing it are not of misrule, but of the evils that attend on too much prosperity. Queen Mary, the frail but loved, had subjects who were at least as strenuous as they were strong, and the foundation of national greatness was laid in her wild day, but there are some who think that the land has seen its prime and is already on the backward movement. No one who saw the pomps and pageantries at Holyrood is likely to believe it.

Although, like the needy knife-grinder, COUNTRY LIFE does not "love to meddle with politics, Sir!" it is scarcely possible to avoid taking note of the important speech made the other day by Mr. Chamberlain. It seems to foreshadow changes that will affect all of us, and more particularly those who gain their living from the land. Mr. Chamberlain's idea appears to be that of setting up a system of protection that will apply to all foreign countries, while the various parts of the British Empire will be allowed to send their goods, as at present, duty free to the Mother Country. Such a proposal would undoubtedly have the merit of welding together the various parts of the King's dominions, and of making the Empire something more than a name. The objection to it, put in a nutshell, is that while the whole import trade of Great Britain amounts to something over five hundred millions, only a fifth of that comes from British possessions. The test of Mr. Chamberlain's wisdom, then, will rest on this: Will the policy that he propounds have the effect of, as it were, reversing these figures? May we, then, ten years hence, look forward to buying five hundred millions from our Colonies and only one million from foreign countries? Looking at the matter quite apart from any sentimentalism, or even patriotic feeling, that is the hard business question which we hope will be thoroughly threshed out before the country embarks on this new policy.

Lord Dudley is certainly the most energetic Lord-Lieutenant that Ireland has had for many a year. He is here, there, and everywhere, and appears to have the knack of making himself most popular. One great point in his favour is that he is a thorough all-round sportsman, which goes a long way towards securing popularity in Ireland. When a boy at Eton, Lord Dudley was a good cricketer. Before coming of age he made a yachting tour round the world, and did a lot of shooting in South America. At home he has also done a good deal with the gun and rifle, and in Invermark Forest in 1895 he killed forty stags. On the Tay and other Scotch rivers he has landed many a fine salmon. On the Turf Lord Dudley has had a distinguished career, winning the City and Suburban with Fullerton in 1888, and other important races, but his chasing record is more notable. He was part owner of the great Cloister the year that horse ran second for the Grand National, and he also owned other celebrated steeplechasers in Cathal, Royal Meath, etc. He was Master of the Worcestershire Hunt from 1896, until his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1902 obliged him to resign. As a polo player Lord Dudley was very enthusiastic, and was a regular attendant at Hurlingham and Ranelagh till lately. As a yachtsman he has had a fair share of success with his smart 5-rater Dacia and the 20-rater Inyoni, and that he still retains his love for yachting is evidenced by the fact that on Saturday he motored up from Rockingham (100 miles) to Kingstown to sail his new Irish-built Fodhla in the Dublin Bay Sailing Club match.

If Professor Ray Lankester were a champagne, he would probably be described as "extra sec.," and the long reply he

has made to Lord Kelvin's notable declaration, on which we commented a few weeks ago, has to an eminent degree the quality of dryness. He seeks to account for telepathy and belief in ghosts by cerebral disease, and dispenses utterly with what he calls the "hypothetical entities" of "vitality," "vital spirits," "anima animans," and the "sorting demon of Maxwell." But Professor Lankester, though an extremely able and clever biologist, has scarcely achieved that standing in philosophy that entitles him to pontificate on a matter of this kind. After all, men infinitely greater than either he or Lord Kelvin have paused in wonder at those difficulties which he dismisses so lightly, and the biology of which he is so devoted a student has as yet returned no answer to the most important question asked of it. So far as its processes go, they may be likened to those of a chemical analyst subjecting the paper and leather binding of a book to rigid and exhaustive scrutiny, and then giving the result without taking the slightest account of the intellectual work of which they were the mere wrappage.

There are in London 2,394,456 females. Of these, over 700,000 are wage-earners, and more than half a million are unmarried. These are some of the statistics gleaned from a paper drawn up by Mr. Harper, the Statistical Officer of the County Council. We quote them because they have a bearing upon what is, in our estimation, the most important fact in connection with the London census returns, that is to say, the decline in the marriage-rate. This was for 1871 to 1880 19.1 per thousand, and it had fallen to 17.6 in 1901. Now, this decrease is not very large, comparatively speaking, but it is very significant if we take the circumstances into account. The times have been so prosperous that in the City the rateable value per head of population has risen from £33 16s. to £180 18s., and for the Administrative County the value rose from £6 2s. to £8 14s. in the same period. It used to be a well-understood maxim that the marriage-rate increased in times of prosperity, and it would have increased during the thirty years under review but for the growing repugnance to marriage. Those who try to find the reason that will one day give the busy streets of our metropolis to the "little grains of dust, and the little blades of grass," see the corroding influence in the fact to which we have drawn attention.

THE LARK AT MERRYWEATHER'S.

"A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage"—
So runs a kindly village rhyme,
Spun in a younger, simpler time.
How, then, one asks, must Heaven frown:
To see a lark thus fettered down,
A lark acquainted with the high
Ecstatic freedoms of the sky?
And yet . . .
Where Bow Street meets Long Acre,
Above a fire-appliance maker,
There sings all day, from dawn to dark,
A rapturous, though prisoned, lark:
Sings, too, with such a joyful will,
As though he soared o'er Caburn Hill
(Where last I watched a skylark's flight
Until dissolved in endless light),
Instead of captive to a sill.
And singing, singing there, he brings
The thought of sweet and verdant things
Across the city dweller's brain;
His notes drop down like silver rain.
I doubt if Heaven can resent
So fruitful an imprisonment.

E. V. L.

The other day one of our more strident morning contemporaries, in default of any other sensation, came out with an article headed "445,107,824lb. of Butter: Why not make them at Home?" and following this was an article by a dairy expert (save the mark!). It is greatly to be regretted that people who know nothing of the subject will write such things as this, and that editors who know less should print them, as they give rise to wholly false ideas in the minds of the public. Luckily, the English farmer is not in the slightest degree likely to be affected by them. He will not give up the useful and lucrative business of selling milk in order to compete with colonial and foreign butter-makers. He knows well that when told to give up his "thousands" of independent little dairies his adviser is simply talking rubbish; and, again, when recommended to make the best article of "uniform type," that the writer is indulging in unconscious paradox. The best butter demands so many conditions for its production that it can only be got here and there, and to say that all butter must at the same time be best and uniform is to use "a grocer's shibboleth" without understanding it.

The committee appointed to consider the conditions under which canteens and regimental institutions are conducted have issued the report, accompanied by a minority report, that is well

worth reading by all who have at heart the welfare of the Army. Much of the evidence collected goes to show that these places are extremely ill-managed. In the words of Sir Redvers Buller, many of the Army refreshment-places are "hot-beds of malpractices," particularly of bribery. Colonel Quayle Jones gave one instance where the officer was offered £25 a month for the men and £8 for himself by the tenant of a canteen. Contractors outside, too, seem to have offered curious bargains to those who have the catering to do. On the whole, however, General Buller thinks that drunkenness is decreasing in the Army. He told a story of 1864, when he had a check-roll called at twelve o'clock at night and found two-thirds of his battalion drunk. "They had got full of beer and had lain down and gone to sleep." It would probably be difficult to find a parallel for that now. The lines on which reform of the canteen should go are fairly plain. They ought, as far as possible, to be managed by the men and their delegates, and to be sufficiently comfortable to give the soldier what he wants without driving him into outside public-houses, where he is much more likely to go to ruin.

It has been understood for some little time that the Earl of Onslow has been thought of as successor to the late Mr. Hanbury, and the news of his appointment did not therefore come as a surprise. A certain number of Members of Parliament object to the Minister of Agriculture being a peer, but it is understood, on the other hand, that Mr. Arthur James Balfour is not at the present time keen on having bye-elections. Besides, Lord Onslow, although not one to command a rage of enthusiasm, is fairly suitable for the work. He is inured to office, and relinquishes the post of Colonial Under-Secretary for the Board of Agriculture. He is a large landowner, and has always shown himself interested in questions of agrarian legislation. He has the advantage of four years' experience as Governor of New Zealand.

A WOODLAND PATH.

There is a woodland path I know
Where overhead young larches blow
Their filmy tassels, green and fair,
Among the budding branches there.
Primroses tuft on tuft, and sweet,
Leave scarcely room for passing feet,
Unless you crush them as you go
Along that woodland path I know.

And high against the birch and beech,
Wild cherry boughs stretch out of reach;
Blossoming whiteness, lightly strung
And by a faint spring sky o'erhung.
Shy wood anemones peep through
Their shroud of last year's leaves that strew
The undergrowth; along the walks
Tall bracken stems uncurl their stalks.

No sound your coming steps will greet
Save calling pigeons, or the bleat
From distant meadows; here is heard
But stir of woodland life and bird
Above, beneath; yet glad you'll go,
I think, with lagging feet and slow,
Because its beauty holds you so—
Along that woodland path I know.

EDITH C. M. DART.

The number of young women who are anxious to find something to do ought to read carefully the speech made by the Earl of Onslow the other night at the annual meeting of the South African Society. South Africa is very much in need of women, and though at the present moment domestic servants are most in request, a superior class of young lady will be required shortly. Girls are very well taken care of; they have a separate part of the ship allotted to them on the way out; at Cape Town they walk directly from the steamer to the railway train, and in the various towns hostels and similar institutions have been established for their benefit. Thus no mother need be in the slightest degree afraid of despatching her daughter on this voyage, while the prospects of marriage and settlement must be a great deal more satisfactory in a young and developing country like South Africa than they are in our own crowded land.

So far as the ideas of the ordinary race-going public are concerned, there can be no doubt that the feeling against the starting-gate is becoming stronger and stronger. Somehow or other, this institution has never worked properly in this country. It is always going wrong or getting hung up, with the result that the starting, which used to be bad enough, is now worse than ever. The result has been that racing this year has been more capricious than ever, the general punter having had a terrible time of it. Should anything go wrong with the start of one of the classic races, say the Derby, the fury of the racing mob would probably be uncontrollable, and a racing crowd can be "werry nashy" when it pleases. It must be remembered

that one fairly big race at Epsom, the Great Metropolitan, has already been spoilt this year.

It may seem almost like heresy to say so, but it appears to the disinterested outsider that cricket is not this year exciting the usual amount of interest. We do not hear of vast crowds being attracted to the matches, and they seldom form a subject of conversation outside of the circles directly interested. Why this is so it is not quite easy to say. Among the counties Yorkshire has taken a place so dominant that the question of rivalry scarcely arises, and in the ranks of the players there are not many whose personality has a commanding interest. Finally it may be said that a few years ago cricket was slightly overdone. We refer to the days when a Cabinet Minister declared that the scores were the first things he read in his daily paper. Since then there has been far too much chatter about such subjects as the wider wicket, and for the moment the crowd, always fickle, has ceased to take its old keen interest in the game.

Those who make it their business to "shoot Folly as it flies" occasionally meet with something that does not deserve to be despatched in the usual manner. One of these is the singular craze that has been started in favour of walking matches. It commenced with the Stock Exchange, and now the very costermongers have engaged in one of these tests, and—the contiguity is quite accidental—members of the Press have arranged a great pedestrian tour for the Whitsuntide holidays. Walking as a form of amusement is open to no objection beyond that of producing discomfort, and, in fact, in these days of cycles and motor-cars and other luxurious means of transit, the art of walking seems to be falling into disuse. A scientific prophet who was forecasting the future of the human race not long ago in a book—or was it a magazine?—we refer to Mr. H. G. Wells—gave it as his opinion that the man of the coming centuries would have his feet and legs atrophied through disuse. An engaging picture, truly! Men and women on stumps, whirled where they will merely by touching a button and taking their electrical food at the bidding of a steam gauge.

Almost a double portion of the hope deferred that is the angler's common and proverbial lot has been his fate this spring, as he has watched rivers in heavy flood promising the best of sport when they should clear, yet constantly filling and colouring again with the repeated rainfall. It is very certain that not for many a year have most of our rivers had such a thorough spring cleaning as in the weeks just past, and we may hope that they will be the better for it. The soil became so saturated with water that each successive thunder-storm or ordinary shower ran down into the streams as soon as it fell. The ground could absorb none of it, and the natural consequence was the recurrent flood. When the clearance came at last the angler had his reward, and the sport was good, but it was long in coming.

The few cold weeks, coming just when they did, and just when they were least wanted, that is to say, about Eastertide and a little later, had one rather curious consequence, namely, that beeches and oaks began putting out their foliage almost simultaneously, and in some cases the oaks actually got the start. The beeches, encouraged by the previous warmth, had begun to develop their young leaf-buds prematurely, only to be nipped back by the frost, while the later oaks commenced to show their first green after the cold spell, and almost before the beeches had recovered their check. It is very rarely that the oaks make so good a race with them.

There are rivers in which in the previous years of drought, the grayling, where there are grayling, have shown a great tendency to slip further and further down stream, doubtless in the search for deeper water as the upper parts of the stream ran shallower. It will be interesting to see whether the recent prolonged floods will have tempted them back to the old haunts, which must have been as well supplied with water lately as the most ambitious of them could wish. The Test, of course, offers an exception to the above remarks about the grayling dropping down stream, but then the Test is exceptional, too, as being a chalk-fed stream, and comparatively little affected by rainfall. The Tame, on the other hand, may be named as a notable instance showing the tendency mentioned.

When such enormous sums are given for eggs of the great auk, it is interesting to know that the last specimen taken alive in British waters was captured by a fisherman near Waterford Harbour in May, 1834, and may yet be seen in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin. It is a female in immature plumage,

The last surviving examples of the species appear to have been obtained at the Isle of Eldey, off Iceland, in 1844. Formerly one of the great auk's chief strongholds was Funk Island, about 170 miles north of St. John's, Newfoundland, and this place was visited by Professor Milne in 1874 in the hope of finding a live specimen, but he was not successful, though he got the skeletons of over fifty. Remains of these birds have also been found at Whitechurch Bay, Ballycastle, Ireland, so it is conjectured that the great auk bred in the vicinity in times gone by.

It seems not a little remarkable, after all that we have heard and read about the decimation, if not the extinction, of the fur-bearing seal, that the season lately ended should have been the very best on record. A year or two ago an Englishman hardly liked to be seen in a fur coat, for the sufficiently British reason that "it looked like a foreigner"; but he has quite got

over that excess of patriotism now, and the prospect of a time of plentiful sealskin is almost as attractive to the Englishman as to the man or woman of any other country.

The rivers of the West Coast, of England and Scotland, and Wales have had comparatively much less of our recent rainfall than those that generally are not nearly so much favoured. It is the West Coast and Welsh streams that have been running down fine and clear, while the more easterly have been in flood. The Wye, of which it was foretold that the measures for restricting the netting at the mouth would improve its fortunes, has already responded and in measure fulfilled the promise, the Nyth water, especially, having yielded many very good fish to the angler. Everywhere trout seem very backward in condition and naturally averse to rising when there has been so little fly to tempt them to the surface.

ON THE GREEN.

IT was unlucky that Mr. Balfour was prevented from taking part in the Parliamentary Golf Tournament on Saturday, and had to give the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton a walk-over. It has very seldom occurred in history that a Prime Minister has had sufficient leisure to become as proficient in any pastime as Mr. Balfour is in golf. To some extent he has set a fashion, or at any rate added considerably to the popularity of the game, both within and without the walls of Westminster. This was shown by the extremely large entry for the handicap. There were no fewer than 118 competitors, and it would be extremely interesting to find out if this proportion would apply to the same class of men throughout the country. At a rough guess we should imagine there is a body of about a thousand from which the players were chosen, that is, taking in the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the Press Gallery, and the officials, and reckoning all alike, the fit and the unfit. The natural inference would seem to be that about one man in ten in what is called somewhat invidiously the "upper classes" plays golf. This proportion must be very much larger than would apply to any other outdoor pastime. It would be quite impossible to get a hundred footballers, or even a hundred cricketers, from a thousand men taken at random from the professional and leisured classes. Moreover, a great deal of the golf played on Saturday was of high quality. Many interesting contests were witnessed, among the most exciting being that between Sir Henry Seton-Karr, giving four strokes, and Mr. C. L. Anstruther. Sir Henry was 2 up and 3 to play, but Mr. Anstruther won the sixteenth with his stroke allowance, halved the seventeenth, and squared the match on the



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SIR H. SETON-KARR.

"C.L."

home green. Continuing, the nineteenth was halved in five, and Sir Henry won the match at the twentieth with a very fine four. In the second round Sir Henry had an easy victory, beating Mr. Campion by 7 up and 5 to play. Mr. A. J. Robertson, who previously has been the hero of these matches, had all his work cut out for him, and both in the morning and the afternoon succeeded only "in pipping his opponent on the post," or, in the language of golf, won on the home green each time. Mr. Eric Hambro, the crack player of the House of Commons, went out in 39, and beat Sir J. Dickson-Poynder by 6 up and 4 to play. An extremely good beginning has thus been made with the tournament, and we may expect that the interest, instead of diminishing, will increase with the later rounds. As 103 of those who entered actually competed, there will be some opportunities of witnessing lots of exciting golf.

The Irish Ladies' Championship Meeting and Open Ladies' Championship Meeting are now things of the past, and Miss Adair has again proved her title as winner, and has created a record hard to be beaten. For the last four years in succession she has won the Irish Cup and has twice held the Open one, and it would be a bold person indeed who would try to wrest her laurels from her. She has been in fine form during the last few weeks at

Portrush, and in the two finals in which she has taken part played a wonderful game and completely demoralised her opponents. Miss Adair is marvelously steady, and never seems to have weak moments like the ordinary run of golfers, but plays consistently good golf from year's end to year's end. Her putting especially is so uniformly good that it strikes terror into the hearts of her opponents.

Previous to the championship a preliminary medal round took place for prizes presented by the Royal Portrush Golf Club, and in this event Miss May Hezlet was the winner, returning the low score of 81, the men's Bogey for



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SIR J. DICKSON-POYNDE AND MR. C. E. HAMBRO.

"C.L."

the course being 80. The day was perfect for playing, but the other scores returned were not as good as usual, Miss Adair being second with 89, and Miss F. Hezlet third with 90, while Miss M. E. Stuart and Miss F. Walker Leigh were respectively 92 and 97.

Forty-four competitors entered for the championship, and this number comprised nearly all the names of the best-known players in Ireland. The absence of the Hon. K. Prittie was one of the few exceptions, and she, unfortunately was unable to be present through illness. Miss Adair for the first few rounds had an easy time of it, her opponents figuratively falling at her feet, and it was not until the semi-final, in which she was opposed to Miss May Hezlet, that she had any sort of a match. The latter on her way had disposed of Mrs. Newton King, Miss F. Hezlet, and Miss M. E. Stuart, in the latter case revenging herself for her defeat of the previous week. Miss Walker Leigh unfortunately scratched, or would probably have given a good account of herself, and in the top half the best players were Miss Magill, Miss V. Hezlet, Miss Martin, and Mrs. Hezlet. Miss Magill disposed of Mrs. Hezlet, while Miss V. Hezlet did the same for Miss Martin, but only after an exceedingly close struggle had taken place, the match only being decided in favour of Miss V. Hezlet at the twentieth hole after two ties had been played off. During the round Miss Martin made a sensational mashie shot, holing out from about forty yards from the green at the sixteenth. In the semi-final round Miss V. Hezlet continued her excellent play and defeated Miss Magill somewhat easily. The chief interest centred in the match between Miss R. Adair and Miss May Hezlet, and a large crowd assembled to watch the contest. Both were playing well, but Miss May Hezlet gave away several chances on the greens, while Miss Adair was putting in an almost phenomenal manner. Over and over again she left herself a very long putt for the hole or half, and each time managed to put it down without any apparent effort. At the eighth Miss May Hezlet stood one up, and at the ninth and tenth had chances for the holes, where she ought to have been three up, but missing two ridiculously short putts, one of which could not have been more than ten inches, she lost her lead, and at the tenth stood all square. At the eleventh Miss Adair had to play the odd on to the green, but by a superior approach won the hole, and the same may be said for the next hole. The Valley was halved in a good five and Purgatory in four, while at the Himalayas Miss Hezlet holed out an approach in three, and Miss Adair, nothing daunted, put down a long putt for the half. At the sixteenth both were close to the hole in their seconds, and Miss Hezlet, failing to get down her putt, which Miss Adair did, lost the match by three up and two to play. The result was due solely to Miss Adair's superior putting, which was marvellously good and consistent.

In the final Miss V. Hezlet started all right against her redoubtable opponent, but missing an incredibly short putt at the third, was evidently demoralised, and from that on, not playing anything like her usual game, was easily defeated, Miss Adair winning by the large total of 7 and 5.

Miss Adair is not a player who gives away many chances, and is exceedingly hard to defeat. She played a magnificent game in the final, and so earned for herself for the forthcoming season the title of Open and Irish Lady Champion for 1903. Much of the success of the meeting was due to the beautiful order of the links, and their excellent condition speaks volumes in praise of Smith, the greenkeeper, who had spent a great deal of trouble on them, and who was thus rewarded for his efforts. All the arrangements were most ably carried out by Mrs. Inglis and Mr. S. Anderson, and the meeting was brought to a conclusion by the ceremony of the prize-giving, which was performed in a most able manner by Colonel Pottinger.

A very noticeable point about the tournaments in which ladies engage, not their big championship only, but all their tournaments—the championship

restricted to Irish ladies may be quoted as an instance—is the number of matches that are won and lost by a large balance of holes. Of course, there are abundant instances to the contrary, of matches carried to more than a score of holes, after the eighteen holes of the round have been halved. But these are exceptions. As a rule the matches won by anything from four up to eight up are more in proportion than in men's tournaments. There are

some who will look for an explanation of this in the theory that the feminine sex is more easily depressed and elated, perhaps less capable of playing a losing game, than the rude male. There is, however, another explanation, less ungallant and perhaps more probable—namely, that the ladies in general who go in for these tournaments have not quite arrived at the roughly uniform first-class. Speaking in a general and not too exact way, it may be said that most of the players in the men's amateur championship are first-class, or thereabouts; and that means that they are somewhere near the same standard, at all events, so that we find them, not unnaturally, playing fairly equally, and as a rule winning or losing their matches by a very small margin. It is a level of relative uniformity to which the ladies are likely to attain when they have played a few years longer, and especially when, with a very few exceptions, those who go in for the big tournaments will be players who learned the game in childhood. As yet ladies' golf, in the more modern and ambitious sense, hardly has been invented long enough for that, and until it shall have attained such years of discretion we are likely to see the ladies beating and beaten heavily.

Perhaps the wildest thing in the world is any attempted prophecy about the game of golf, but if there is anything at all in "form," then it does seem as if the amateur champion for 1903 to 1904, who will have played himself into existence by the time this is read by an intelligent public, is likely enough to find his incarnation in Mr. Edward Blackwell. If he can keep the form that he showed at St. Andrews, not only in winning the spring medal, but also in matches subsequently, he ought to be very bad to beat at Muirfield, and Muirfield is certainly a long driver's course. It is a course where length tells, and there is no doubt of Mr. Blackwell having the length. Moreover, he has all the confidence that nothing gives so surely as plentiful success to make him play up. There is much past history about Muirfield golf, however, that may be remembered. Mr. Maxwell always plays very well there; Mr. Hilton has won the open championship there; and apart from any special performances of his at Muirfield, where perhaps the most notable thing he did was to be beaten by Mr. Maxwell before the latter had become famous. Mr. John Ball has been showing that he is as good as ever, and that is a great deal to say. Still, the common idea seems to be that a Scot will win at Muirfield, as would be popular and right. One begins to think it is time that

an Irishman should win the championship. If the Irish people want to find a further argument for carrying the amateur championship across the Channel, this would furnish it at once—England and Scotland must go to Ireland and try to fetch it back. The Irish ladies have done so very notably well in the Ladies' Championship that they lead us to expect great things from the mere Irishman, who is thus placed in an unfortunate position. Considerable things have been done by Mr. Reade, the Irish player, but on the strength of what the ladies have achieved we seem justified in asking yet more of the men. It is obvious, by what we can see, both of the links and of the golfers, that Ireland is a good enough school of golf, but the real truth of course is, considering how short a time the

game has been acclimatised over there, not that it is wonderful that the Irishmen should not have won the amateur championship, but wonderful that the Irish ladies should have won the ladies' championship, and have won it often.

Never, perhaps, since golf begun has the weather favoured the greenkeeper more than in the present spring. The gardener and the farmer



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Copyright HON. A. LYTTETON IN ROUGH GROUND. "C.L."

have had more rain than they well could do with; but the keeper of a sandy golf links is always asking for more, with an *Oliver Twist*-like appetite, provided it does not come too immediately before the great day.

All the East Coast greens show special gratitude to the favours of Jupiter Pluvius; on the West, as at Prestwick, the scene of the open championship, he is less appreciated, as he scatters his showers more lavishly; and at Muirfield the keepers of the green had taken good advantage of what the rain god did, so that the course was in fine order. It was at a fine length, too. It is becoming a necessity for courses to stretch themselves with the elasticity of the india-rubber-stuffed ball, and all are doing their best to emulate the frog that tried to swell itself as big as an ox. It was a stern necessity to move out of the good old ruts—as usual, the Americans have jogged us out of them; but all good Conservatives—and all golfers are that—must regret the rut.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE PRESERVATION OF SOUTH AFRICAN GAME.

LAST week Mr. E. North Buxton gave a most interesting and instructive lecture on the necessity of taking immediate and vigorous means to prevent the extinction of some of the larger animals of Africa. He strongly advocated the setting aside of a tract of country sufficiently large to enable the animals to indulge in a natural life, and to make the periodical migrations to which they are accustomed. This area, he said, ought to be an absolute sanctuary in which no shot is to be fired. He pointed out that in the big-game preserves which already exist in Central Africa it is customary to allow the officers stationed in the vicinity to shoot a limited amount of game, and that this privilege is generally extended to others, so that there is really no end to the numbers who consider they have a right to indulge their sporting instincts. The result is that many of the large, slow-breeding animals of Africa are in imminent danger of becoming extinct—indeed, the quagga is supposed to have entirely disappeared already, and the rhinoceros is becoming very scarce. The advance of civilisation on the haunts of the wild beasts and the deadly precision of the modern rifle are the principal reasons for this deplorable state of affairs, but the reckless and indiscriminate waste of animal life which has hitherto been indulged in ought to be prevented. Mr. Buxton suggests that all big-game shooters should keep a correct record of the animals bagged, in which the age, sex, and state of maturity should be fully set out. This, he considers, would tend to stop the slaughter of females and young. He pointed out, too, that supplying the natives with rifles was fatal to the preservation of big game. Formerly the wild animals had a fair chance against the savage armed with his primitive weapons, but against the rifle they have practically none. He also showed that it would be impossible to protect a large tract of country, unless the Government were prepared to spend a considerable sum of money, a course which they seemed very reluctant to adopt. This short-sighted policy was hard to understand, as even Lobengula had seen the advisability of protecting hippopotami and elephants, and only allowed a limited number to be killed in his territory.

It is not proposed that the immense herds of antelopes and the like which overran that part of South Africa now populated by prosperous agriculturists should be revived, but that species which are useful to man or may possibly prove of service should not be allowed to die out, merely to satisfy the insatiable appetite of trophy-hunters or the greedy traders in skins and ivory. Those other animals which have no claim to the protection, but rather the reverse, of the human race, such as lions, must be kept in due subjection, but even the most domesticated Englishman would be sorry to know that the king of beasts no longer existed in his natural habitat, and merely prolonged a miserable life shut up in the cage of a menagerie or restlessly pacing the slightly more extensive premises allotted to him at the Zoological Gardens. Besides the better-known animals only to be found in Africa, there are, as Sir Harry Johnston has lately demonstrated, many interesting forms quite unknown to science. Some of these may prove extremely useful in providing links in the chain connecting the various species, and are surely worthy of protection.

After the lecture was over several well-known big-game shooters took part in an interesting discussion. All were agreed that it was



MOTHER AND LAMBS.

the duty of England to do everything possible to preserve the fauna in the parts of Africa which she has taken under her protection. The names of Sir John Kirk, Sir Harry Johnston, and Mr. F. C. Selous, to mention a few, are sufficient guarantee that the speakers were thoroughly well acquainted with the subject under discussion. It is to be hoped that the meeting, which was held under the auspices of the Society of Arts, will not be without effect, and that something will be done ere it is too late. Mr. Buxton illustrated his remarks by numerous photographs of wild life in Africa, and suggested that in future the hunter should use the camera more frequently and the rifle more sparingly.

FROM THE FARMS.

WE have received the following interesting letter from Miss G. A. Jones: "I enclose a photograph I took on April 25th last of a ewe and her five lambs, the property of the Right Hon. Viscount Ridley. The lambs (six in all, but one was dead) were born on April 3rd at the Home Farm, Blagdon, Northumberland, and are all healthy, average-sized animals. As such a number is of rare occurrence, you may think it worth while to have the photograph reproduced in *COUNTRY LIFE*."

A TYPICAL JERSEY.

The Jersey is unquestionably the most beautiful cow to be seen on our English pastures, and it is with very great pleasure that we show to-day the picture of a very representative specimen.



A TYPICAL JERSEY HEAD.

It was done for quite another purpose by one of our valued contributors, but the temptation to show it in these pages proved quite irresistible.

THE ORGANISATION OF AGRICULTURE.

We have received the second annual report of the committee of the Agricultural Organisation Society, but are somewhat disappointed with the record of work done. Complaint is made "that the limited funds at its disposal necessarily confine its efforts," and the balance-sheet does not point to a very flourishing condition of affairs. It is difficult to suggest how the case is to be mended. English agriculturists have not in the past been accustomed to be organised by other people, but to work independently or combine for their own purposes. They are quite a different class to those who have formed the co-operative dairies and creameries in Ireland and Denmark. The latter are mostly what we may describe as little men farming a few acres and possessing only a small quantity of stock. They are manipulated much more easily than the great English farmers, many of whom own what abroad would be considered a large estate. Independence has grown to be a part of their character, and the idea of combining with their neighbours is absolutely repugnant to them. On the other hand, the most flourishing small holdings are those which are situated near the larger ones, and are themselves, as it were, scattered and solitary. For purposes of effective combination there must be a great preponderance of small farmers in a single district, and we do not know in what part of England to look for this. That is probably the fundamental reason why the Agricultural Organisation Society does not move along with the swiftness of a motor-car, and unless it were content to be a mere organisation for the dissemination of ideas, it is somewhat doubtful if any great mission remains to be fulfilled by it.

HOUSE SPARROWS.

We are afraid that the sparrow has now indeed fallen upon evil days, since it has been made the subject of a special document devoted all to itself and issued from the Board of Agriculture. Whoever wrote it seems to hate the creature as much as Mr. Tegetmeier himself does. This is the bill of indictment drawn up against Lesbia's favourite: "Hundreds of examinations of the contents of the stomachs

of sparrows have been made in this country and abroad, and it has been shown that from 75 to 80 per cent. of the food of adult birds throughout the whole year consists of cultivated grain of some sort. A farmer in the neighbourhood of a town or village where the bird has been unmolested has this fact forcibly brought home to him in much diminished crops. In such districts, the profitable cultivation of cereals becomes well-nigh impossible. We are told that sparrows do the most damage just before harvest, feeding upon the ripening grain. Later they come back to the houses, but even then the agricultural expert will not admit that they are harmless, but says they steal from the stacks and poultry-yards. Then he proceeds with his accusations in this manner: "The sparrows are almost equally damaging to garden produce, apparently taking a delight in stripping gooseberry and red-currant bushes of their buds, tearing in pieces various brightly-coloured flowers, such as crocuses, primroses, and violets, eating the young shoots of carnations in winter, and pulling up rows of newly-sown peas in spring and summer. Ricks and thatch are damaged by them, and rain-water pipes are frequently blocked by their nests." On the other side of the question he has scarcely any good to say beyond admitting that when recently fledged they feed partially upon caterpillars, beetles, and other insects; but that is only for a short period of their life. As if regretting that he should say even as much as this, he goes on: "It must also be remembered that the sparrow drives away swallows, house-martins, many warblers, and other purely insect-feeding birds, which would do most of the useful work carried on by the sparrow if they were undisturbed." Last of all, the bird is chidden for its rapidity of increase. He then proceeds to give directions for getting rid of this "living pest." "Not only should sparrows be destroyed round villages and hamlets, but attention to every isolated farmyard in the neighbourhood is essential. Sparrows left to multiply on one or two farms in a district soon spread over the neighbouring areas. The particular methods for lessening the number of sparrows are very numerous. Eggs and nests may be destroyed in the breeding season. Various forms of nets may be employed on dark nights around ricks or ivy-clad houses where the birds roost. Shooting with small shot during winter is useful. In all

cases great care must be exercised to prevent other birds suffering along with sparrows." The leaflet ends with a scheme of rules suitable for a Sparrow Club, and relates with joy that a club in Kent, with less than twenty working members, destroyed during the last three seasons over 28,000 sparrows and more than 16,000 rats.

"STRUCK" SHEEP.

The disease known by the same name as the title of this paragraph has long been a perplexity and a dismay to farmers, but there seems to be a prospect of its now being satisfactorily dealt with. Professor Cave, who has recently been appointed to the staff of the South Eastern Agricultural College, made a most important statement in regard to "struck" sheep at a recent meeting of the Hamstreet and District Agricultural Club. How great the mortality from this disease has been may be judged from the fact that a skin-dealer collected in one week between 1,300 and 1,500 skins of dead sheep. Professor Cave made it the subject of a careful investigation, and the result may be given in his own words. "Microscopical examination revealed the presence of the disease-producing organism I have mentioned, and this bacillus was identified by Professor McFadyean as the 'bacillus of black-quarter,' a microbe which is known to cause the disease in calves termed 'black-quarter' or 'black-leg.' Since then I have examined numbers of cases of 'struck' sheep in various parts of Kent, and I have invariably found the black-quarter bacillus to be present." Most farmers know something about "black-leg" or "black-quarter" in cattle. It was supposed for a long time to be due to food, more particularly to the young grass, as was the case with sheep, but much good has been accomplished, especially abroad, by preventative treatment in the way of inoculation, and Professor Cave has tried inoculation on sheep. As to additional means of protection apart from that, Professor Cave lays stress on the necessity of burning the carcasses of sheep that have died from the disease, so as to destroy the spores, because if care is not taken the spores will lie dormant in the soil until at a favourable time they enter the bodies of sheep. He urges graziers and flock-masters to combine for the purpose of cremating sheep that die from this disease.

A BERKSHIRE TRAINING STABLE.



W. A. Rouch.

WATCHING THE STRING.

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NEWMARKET, as the headquarters of the Turf and the scene of eight race-meetings during the year, naturally has no rival as a training centre, but next in importance, and apart from the financial considerations attendant on finding plenty of racing without the expense involved by railway travelling, superior in many respects, is the long stretch of downs extending almost continuously from Lambourne to Wantage, in the pleasant county of Berkshire. The going there is nearly always good, and less dependent on climatic conditions than the gallops at Newmarket, while topographical conditions make all the important Midland and Southern meetings easy of access, and horses can be despatched on the morning of their engagement to (*inter alia*) Derby, Warwick, Nottingham, Windsor, Salisbury, Bath, and to the numerous meetings in the vicinity of London, of which Kempton

and Sandown are the most important. With these attractions, it is no matter of surprise that trainers' establishments are sprinkled over the Berkshire Downs. Mr. Peace, whose name was at one time synonymous with success at Midland fixtures, has retired, but he has a worthy successor in his nephew, Mr. Thorp, and among other Berkshire training notables are Messrs. W. G. Stevens, Chandler, Hallick, Morton, Wright, and E. Robson, whose photograph, familiar to all frequenters of the Turf, we give in one of our illustrations, watching the gallops with Mr. Lindemere, himself one of the chief patrons of the Berkshire stables. Mr. Lindemere's, and indeed Berkshire's, chief success last year was with Congratulation, who made an enduring place for herself in Turf history by winning the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom from a large field, with Black Sand, who subsequently won the Cesarewitch—Congratulation

on this occasion occupying the second place—Servitor, and Wargrave, who both won good races later in the year, behind her. We see her in the illustration being led a real good gallop by her stable companion, Lord Quex, once the property of the King, for whom he won as a two year old at Newmarket, and, since coming into his present ownership, no mean performer in the general utility line, winning races both on the flat and over hurdles, besides acting as schoolmaster at home. Congratulation began her career in the humble ranks of selling platers, and has worked her way up by sterling merit into the position of a useful handicap mare. She is a bay, with a white near fore leg and other curious white and mottled strawberry marks about her, which make her easily recognisable in a field of horses.

Lord Falmouth's Quintessence, trained by Chandler, has recently credited Berkshire with a classic victory in the One Thousand Guineas, and Morton has sent out good winners in Sundridge and His Lordship. Surefoot, a Two Thousand and Eclipse winner, was at school in Berkshire, and Bendigo, a great popular favourite in his time, contributed to the credit of the county in the days of the battles of the giants—Ormonde, Minting, and The Bard; but it is chiefly in selling races and the less important handicaps that Berkshire-trained horses distinguish themselves, and, on the theory that little fish are the sweetest, they get a full share of the sweets of victory.

Mr. Robson has at present no horses of high reputation in his stable, but he has several useful animals belonging to his patrons—Mr. Arthur Knowles, Mr. Courage, Mr. Craig, and others—such as Winnipeg, Vive le Roi, and sister to Addio, all of whom have won in their turn, and are likely to do so again. He is a past-master in the difficult art of placing horses in the company where they are most likely to score successes, and no man knows better how to make the best of whatever material



W. A. Rouch.

A REAL GOOD GALLOP.

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may be in his charge. It is a good thing to follow the stable lead when any of its representatives are backed in earnest.

Our illustrations represent the lighter side of a trainer's life. There can be no pleasanter occupation for a lover of horses than the open-air life on the healthful breezy downs, superintending the education and development of the young

thorough-breds, from their early schooling as yearlings to their preparation for the exciting contests of their later years. To the uninitiated, the task seems as easy as it is pleasant, to ride out in the early morning on a confidential and well-mannered cob, and watch the string walk and take their preliminary canters, while the serious fast gallops have all



W. A. Rouch.

A BREATHER.

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the interest and excitement of racing. But English mornings are not always pleasant, and the less favourable samples of the variable English climate, besides affecting the health of their charges, detract materially from the enjoyment of out-of-door work in the early morning on the exposed slopes of the Berkshire Downs. And few who have not actually had practical experience of the work realise the difficulties and anxieties the trainer has to cope with. Horses are not machines, and in getting them ready for the conflicts of the race-course, the pilot of their career has to steer a frequently impracticable course between the Scylla of unfitness and the Charybdis of a breakdown. A veteran trainer, who wrote a book of reminiscences some years ago, enunciated the axiom that no horse who had been thoroughly trained ever remained absolutely sound. Whether this is an over-statement of a trainer's troubles the writer is not in a position to judge, but the training reports tell their own tale; while the bandaged legs and swathings of cotton-wool on a large proportion of the competitors in every race are even more eloquent of the troubles the trainer has to cope with.

The trainer's work does not begin when he starts with his charges in the morning, nor is it near the end when he returns with them to the stables. The careful examination of an expert is necessary to assure him that they are fit for work, and none



W. A. Rouch.

AFTER THE GALLOP.

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HOMEWARD BOUND.

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the worse for the gallop of yesterday. A leg may have filled in a suspicious manner, a horse goes off his feed, or develops a cough, just when the strong work necessary to wind him up for his engagement should be performed. It is a serious question to decide whether a good chance of winning a valuable stake should be forfeited, or the risk should be taken of going on with a preparation which may end in the incapacitation of an animal for some time in the middle of the racing season, or, as sometimes happens, in the abrupt termination of his career. A whole chapter might be written on stable management. The trainer has to superintend the strapping and feeding of all his charges, the constitution of each of them is a separate study; the good doers who eat up every oat and thrive on strong work are the exceptions, and he has to deal with and coax the appetites of delicate feeders and adjust the work required by animals who run best when a little above themselves, and, again, of others who require stronger work than is perhaps consistent with the powers of endurance of their sinews or of their suspicious joints.

But a trainer has not only to satisfy himself; he has to justify himself to his employers, who may be and sometimes are as difficult to deal with as his equine charges. Owners not

unnaturally like to get some return for their training expenses, and constant failure to win is apt to make them hypercritical. They expect to be told when they may back their horses with a reasonable expectation of success, and they often forget that if their trainer can tell them with confidence the condition of horses in his own charge, his knowledge of opponents from other stables must be limited. Frequent absences to attend race-meetings must also add to the difficulties of the profession, and the trainer is fortunate who has a head lad—as his second in command, often a man of mature years, is called—on whose efficiency he can thoroughly rely.

But, given a moderate amount of the success which attends all who pursue any profession with the necessary equipment of knowledge, industry, and care, the occupation of a trainer has abundant compensations for the trials caused by the physical deficiencies of the equine temperament and occasional collisions with the angular eccentricities of members of the human race. A healthy open-air life, congenial work, plenty of excitement, constant change of scene, and, last but not least, an income which enables him to have all things comfortable about him, make up a total of amenities which it would be hard to match in any other profession.

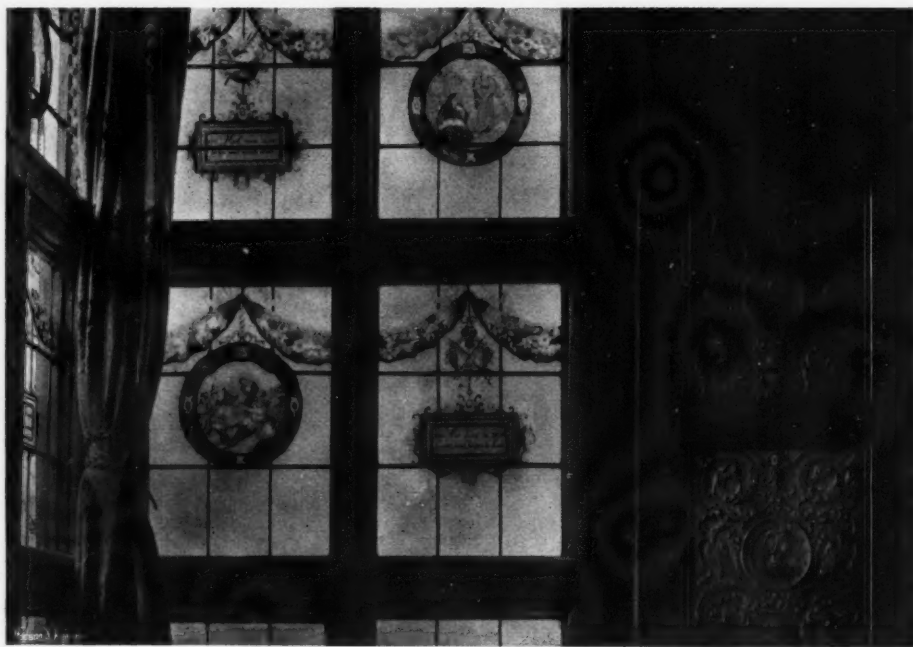
STAINED GLASS in HOUSE DECORATION.

NO one could have followed the development of domestic architecture during the last thirty or forty years without becoming conscious of the steady growth of one striking feature. This has been apparent not

only in the better class of house, but also in every effort that has been made to improve the old ones. There is a marked tendency to-day, amongst people of taste, to abolish the plate-glass window. It will be looked for in vain in the houses of our best architects, and certainly never will be found in the dwellings of artists who have designed their own homes. This feeling is not a mere fashion or craze for mediævalism; æsthetic canons and the laws of utility

are connected far more closely with it than we imagine. There is an eternal principle, a law of proportion, at the root of this aversion to the large window pane. The beauty of a house is very considerably affected by the quality of its glazing; and

plate glass is fatal because, by its use, the scale of the windows becomes too large for the house. By small glazing, not only is the size of the building increased, but the light, being broken up into little sections and falling in scintillating gleams, has a more pleasant and charming effect. And, indeed, is this not nature's own pattern, as shown by sunlight flickering through trees, or on to a wall, or a building? From the broad mass of plate glass, as in the broad mass in



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"FOR LOVE IS HEAVEN, AND HEAVEN IS LOVE."

"C.L."

nature, we get no impression of light. The greatest disadvantage, however, to the window of unbroken glazing is that everyone can see through it. To be sure, we try to counteract this by the muslin curtain, but of this abomination the manifold disadvantages are only too well known. Every housewife could write volumes on its shortcomings. The more daring ones have abandoned it in utter despair; but even the substitute in light material against plate-glass windows leaves much to be desired. It is only by small glazing that we can get rid satisfactorily of the muslin curtain; but a further advantage—and one of considerable importance in towns—is that by the leaded window an obnoxious view may be excluded without the sacrifice of one single ray of light. This can be done by the use of the old round German glass which has now come within our reach. These pretty, circular panes—



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SCENES FROM "THE LAY."

"C.L."

vulgarly called "bottle ends"—give a most effective warmth of tone, and convert what might have been a dull view of a blank wall or a back-yard into a mellow screen of light. But this is not the only system of small glazing. There are others, of which the diamond and the square pane are the most satisfactory and the most picturesque. Both of these, apart from their æsthetic qualities, are less easily seen through than large windows, and give that

warm suggestion of the interior which the cold, unbroken sheet of glass never can offer. In an ideal community plate glass should be kept exclusively for use in shop fronts and railway carriages.

Up to the present we have spoken of the most obvious advantages of small glazing. We have still to refer to the wide field of possibilities it throws open by the use of colour. Few



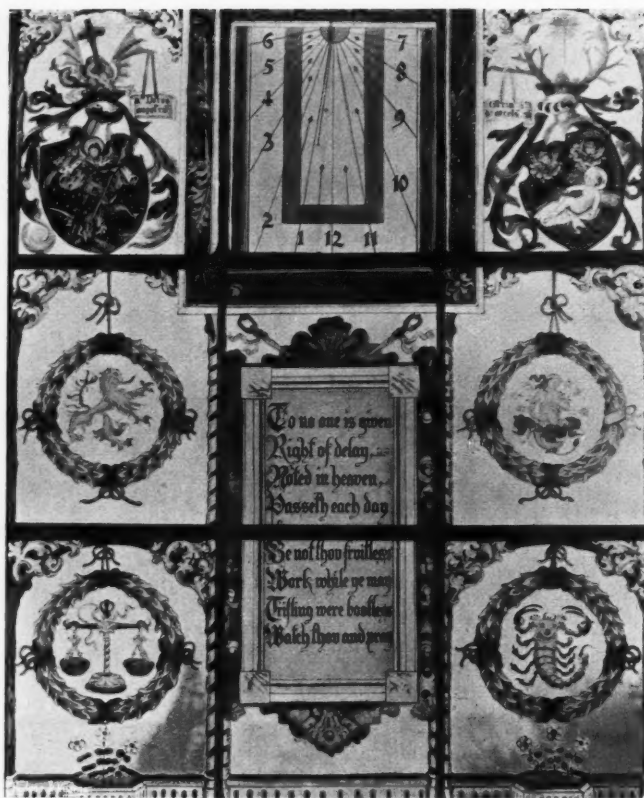
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THE HALL, OLD PLACE, LINDFIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

people are aware of the enormous strides that have been made in painted and stained glass during recent years. To those who know the art only as it is used in church windows, a visit to Old Place, Lindfield, would be a revelation. Mr. Kempe, the owner of this beautiful Jacobean house, has succeeded in stamping his individuality on it in a most remarkable manner. Being a glass painter, and one who has spent his life in working for the betterment of his art, and having at his command a staff of trained artists and workmen, he has been in a position to indulge every caprice, to experiment indefinitely, and to make all possible use of the variety of resources at his command. The result is that the windows of this house seem to be an intrinsic part of the building. They blend and unite the mediæval construction with the modern. They might have grown out of the rough old timber casements and rose-red brickwork. The glazing in this house forms a series of pictures, mellow or brilliant, according to the requirements of the situation, revealing the family history, alliances, records of personal events, distinguished visits, friendships, appreciations, and a whole world of ideas, tastes, and fantasies of the owner. Nor are portraits excluded, the staircase windows being decorated with medallions of the heads of men who "were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times."

People familiar only with the ordinary stained glass of our



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THE DIAL ROOM WINDOW.

"C.L."

churches can scarcely conceive the delicacy of effects that can be produced by sepia and yellow stain. Here the painter, confined within the severest restrictions of his art, and perhaps on that very account, is forced into making his greatest efforts. Some of the most beautiful paintings have been produced by a skilful use of this gold and brown. Other windows again show us every possible variety and combination of rich colouring. Wise sayings, mottoes, and proverbs are used; rare pieces of Swiss or German glass have been mounted as centre panels; designs of the four seasons, of poems, of scenes from Scripture, and, in many instances, heraldry have been put to admirable use. A remarkable example of this is in the Friendship Window, where the arms of friends—many of them distinguished men who have visited the house—are worked into one scheme of composition. The Family Alliances Window is another case of the use that has been made of the decorative value of heraldry. Here a most brilliant effect of colour is produced by the union of the different coats of arms. In cases where Mr. Kempe has taken some favourite poem for a motive the result has been extremely interesting. One window represents, in yellow stain, scenes from Tennyson's "Circumstance," where "two children in two neighbouring villages" close their lives in "two graves, grass-green beside a grey church tower," Lindfield Church supplying the homely scene. Another illustrates Vergil's remarkable lines,



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THREE ANGELS.

"C.L."



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LAZARUS AT THE GATE.

"C.L."

"Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves," etc., and a third Scott's dramatic lines in the third canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," beginning: "In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed," each line having its corresponding picture. Nor are Scriptural subjects confined to the chapel. In one window we have Abraham "enter-taining angels unawares," while Dives at his table scolds his wife and servant and neglects the poor Lazarus on his doorstep.

On the first floor, in the bedrooms, some of the glazing is in the old round German style, with panels of colour let in above. This gives a sense of seclusion, which is admirably suited to bedrooms, and the effect of the softened light that comes through harmonises well with the dark paneling, tapestried walls, and old four-poster bedsteads. In the largest, which is known as the Dial Room, there is an interesting revival of a very old custom—the placing of a sundial on the window pane. Students in sundialing have drawn attention to the application of this old art to glass painting. In some ancient houses specimens still exist of this happy method of combining science and art. Here again Mr. Kempe has been most ingenious in his design. The signs of the zodiac—the ram, the bull, the heavenly twins, and the crab—are arranged on either side of an "amusing" Latin inscription thus translated in the adjoining window:

"To no one is given right of delay;
Noted in heaven passeth each day;
Be not thou fruitless;
Work while ye may;
Trifling were bootless;
Watch thou and pray."

It is scarcely possible to convey in words the impression of mellow light that permeates every corner of this house; nor is it easy to define the part played by the glazing, for, in truth, the windows, which in the ordinary house are of little note or interest, here become the very centre of artistic attraction and the most vital expression of the life and individuality of the occupant; and herein, perhaps, lies the secret of their beauty.

IN THE GARDEN.

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE RHODODENDRON

AS quantities of this Rhododendron have been raised from seed, the various forms in gardens are not of equal merit, but, given a good form, it must

certainly rank as one of the finest of all the white-flowered greenhouse Rhododendrons. Apart from flowers there is also considerable difference in habit, some being more straggling than others, and as a rule the finest flowers are borne on the most unruly plants. As the latter increase in size they become more bushy, and a large specimen is decidedly handsome, and clothed with

dark green leaves on the upper surface and glaucous beneath. The flowers are not in a compact truss as in many Rhododendrons, but as a rule are disposed three or four together in a loose terminal cluster. They are large, widely expanded, and pure white, except for a pale yellow stain on the interior of the upper part. In the best examples a notable feature exists.

This is the way in which the thick wax-like petals are crisped at the edges, which adds greatly to the beauty of the flower. In this character individuals vary greatly, for while in some it is very pronounced, in others it is far less so, and in the variety *levigatum* this crimping is altogether absent. As a rule this last is more compact in habit than the type. *R. veitchianum* is a native of Moulmein, whence it was introduced in 1850. Like some other species, it at times assumes an epiphytal character, and in common with others of this class it is not a particularly vigorous-rooting plant, hence over-potting must be

avoided. It has not been used to any great extent by the hybridist. One of the most notable forms claiming parentage from *R. veitchianum* is *fosterianum*, obtained by the intercrossing of this just-named species with the sweet-scented Himalayan *R. Edgeworthi*. The growth of *R. fosterianum* is rather tall, but the flowers are magnificent, being the largest of their class, while they are also very fragrant. The second hybrid is *Exoniense*, the result of crossing *R. veitchianum* and *R. ciliatum*. It is a smaller grower and more compact than *R. veitchianum*, the flowers being tinged with pink in the bud state.

TWO BEAUTIFUL WHITE POT ROSES.

It has always been surprising that more use has not been made of the beautiful little Polyantha Roses for growing in pots. They are very easily produced, for only a few stock plants are required to raise up quite a fine batch of own root plants. Cuttings put in now from wood that has just flowered will make excellent little plants this season, and be quite fit for forcing next winter. The two German novelties, *Schneewitchen* and *Katharina Zemet*, are very pretty. Both are white, yet quite distinct. The glorious profusion of the first-named is its strong point. The flowers are not quite double, and to some this may seem a defect, but the wealth of golden stamens makes up for this. With the other there is a purity of colour and beautiful form in the flower. Hitherto *Anna Marie de Montravail* has been considered the best white, but it will be surpassed by one or both of the Roses mentioned.

THE SNAKE'S-HEAD FRITILLARY.

This is *Fritillaria Meleagris*, the Snake's-head of many a damp English meadow; but it is not only in such places that it is happy. It will grow and flower freely in very wet or very dry soil. The flowers range in colour from almost pure white through shades of grey, brown, chocolate, rose, purple, and maroon. They are freely produced, generally in ones and twos, and the bulbs being inexpensive and easy to establish, it is a plant one can confidently recommend for naturalising. It seeds freely, and increases fairly well

by means of offsets, and, being a British plant, cannot fail to do well. Once established and left to themselves, they will not maintain so great a range of colours in the second and third generations as they now embrace, these being the results of careful selection by wholesale growers. A great many coloured forms have received descriptive names: *Alba*, the earliest to flower, *contorta*



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A BEAUTIFUL AND DELICATE DESIGN. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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AVE MARIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

(white), rosea, rubra, purpurea, flore-pleno, etc., describe themselves; one selection known as *latifolia*, really a *Caucasus* species, originally described by Willd., but now merged into the *Meleagris* group by inter-crossing, and collectively called "the broad-leaved *Fritillaria*," are very vigorous and varied in colour. They make better garden plants than *F. Meleagris* proper, and little colonies of twenty or more are very pretty when in full bloom. It must not be forgotten that this group does not naturalise so freely as the wild Snake's-head, and requires plenty of attention. The Snake's-head is a flower for any moist place which is neither a bog nor water garden. But, as may be seen in the Royal Gardens, Kew, it is quite at home as an ordinary spring-flowering bulb, that is, like the Daffodil or the Tulip. A mixed bed has much beauty, a bed in which the flowers are of varied colouring, some white, or almost so, and others chequered with purple and dull rose. We plant the bulbs in beds filled thinly with shrubs, and the effect is good, but they are not a success near large towns. Flowers are plentiful the first year; the second flowering is the last effort.

BULLFINCHES AND LILACS.

"H." writes: "Most people are aware of the taste displayed by the bullfinch for the swelling buds of Currants, Gooseberries, and other fruit; but it may not have been generally observed that this handsome bird also will destroy the buds on Lilacs, and also the prospects of flowers. His friends say that he pecks the swelling buds on the Lilac trees for the sake of an insect he finds there; but, be that as it may, I have seen instances of bullfinches simply pecking the undeveloped Lilac buds all to pieces. Though every bird-lover has a weakness for the bullfinch, and would willingly spare him, it is too much to have the Lilacs ruined by his depredations, and consequently strong measures have to be taken when the bird is in the humour for mischief of this kind."

ACETYLENE GAS—LIME SLUDGE.

We have received several letters about this, and wish some correspondent would kindly answer. Here is a sample letter: "I have recently installed acetylene gas at my house, and I understand that the lime-sludge refuse from the machines is valuable for use in the garden. Will you please tell me if this is so, and how it should be used, as my gardener does not know anything about it."

RANDOM NOTES.

Narcissus Moonstone.—This is one of the most beautiful of hybrid *Narcissus*, and was shown recently before the Royal Horticultural Society's *Narcissus* Committee, when an award of merit was given to it. It was shown by Miss Willmott of Warley Place, Essex, and is happily named. We wish all flower names were as well chosen as this. The flower is peculiarly beautiful in colouring, a soft moonlight-like sort of tone, very pure and clear, reminding one of the pretty *N. calathinus*, though the stem is taller and the whole flower larger and more robust.

Roses, Trees, and Shrubs, and the Frost.—There is no doubt whatever that the young growths upon these have fared badly. We were in a garden

recently in which the young shoots of Quinces were destroyed, as also of many choice trees and shrubs, including climbing Roses, which were in positions accounted "safe." But this winter in spring caught all things growing away with freedom until suddenly stopped by the anticipated disturbances of summer-like weather. Winter will have its way. It may smile upon the garden during the early year, but it is loth to depart, and its departure is generally unpleasant and destructive. Here is a hint for amateurs—the professional gardener probably knows all about it: When sharp frost occurs, syringe the Roses with cold water before sunrise, as then the effects will prove less disastrous.

Rose Olga de Wurtemberg.—We have praised this Rose on more than one occasion, and can do so at this season. Its pure bright rose colouring and wealth of flowers are its cardinal virtues, but it possesses another, and that is a decided power of resistance to frost. We have a plant in a raised place exposed to cold north winds, but the shoots have remained uninjured, while those in an exactly similar position were torn and shrivelled by icy blasts. It is always in this fickle climate well to know how various things behave under trying circumstances.

Alyssum saxatile and *Aubrietia*.—Without these beautiful flowers wall and rock gardens would lose their spring beauty. A grateful picture is a cascade of blossom from the *Alyssum* cooled by the warmer and softer shading of the *Aubrietia*, and they have this advantage—the merest tyro can grow them from seed, or dibble little seedlings into the mossy chinks and crevices. Tumbling masses of both plants give to the garden at this season a charm that no other flowers can impart, and though many so-called improved forms have been raised, the original types are the best. The variety of *Alyssum* named *sulphureum* is an example—beautiful when falling over stones upon the rock garden, but in the wall the soft, sulphury colour is weak and ineffective.

The Double Arabis.—This is rapidly becoming an established favourite. We have many patches of it in full bloom. It is vigorous and hardy, and the pure white flowers are like double rosettes. All who want a good border or rock plant should get this. The parent is well known. It is the whitest of flowers, and a cheery sight in many a cottage garden during spring.

Seasonable Notes.—Delay planting tender things until after May 25th, and then, if the weather is mild, push on the planting of such things as quickly as possible, beginning, of course, with the hardier plants and working up to *Begonias*, *Cannas*, and sub-tropical plants, which may safely occupy their outdoor positions by the second week in June. It frequently happens that we have a cold snap about May 22nd to 25th, and tender plants put out before this are apt to get caught and stunted. If a scheme for planting has been arranged and plants worked up in accordance with it, the work itself ought to go on pleasantly and without a hitch, leaving on hand a reserve of all kinds from which may be drawn sufficient to fill any blanks that may occur later, as a few deaths cannot be avoided. Hardy annuals sown some weeks ago will need thinning. First single them out, and when danger from slugs is over reduce them to the proper distances apart, which should be about double the space usually allowed.

EDGWARE AND HANDEL.

EVEN upon a damp misty day in November the little village of Edgware, or Eggoswere, is delightful, with its old-fashioned public-houses and swinging signs, and its open fruit shops piled up upon the pavement with crimson apples, russet pears, and golden oranges. The old coach road that is supposed to be the track of the old Roman road, Watling Street, runs through its midst, sinking into a delicious dip and rising again in the distance towards London, and winding away rather up-hill, with groups of autumnal-tinted trees upon each side, stretching away into the blue mist towards St. Albans. While driving in a carriage upon this road the artist Cosway died in 1821 at the age of eighty.

There were many curious customs connected with Edgware. Lysons mentions that in 1328 a hundred acres of land were held under the manor of Edgware by the sender of a pair of gold spurs, and fifty acres by the rent of a pound of "cummin." In a court held in 1551 two men were fined for playing at "cards and table"; in 1552 the inhabitants were "presented" for not having a tumbrel and cucking stool for scolds; and in 1558 a man was fined for selling ale at the exorbitant price of one pint and a-half for one penny. The price of ale has changed since those days, and the picturesque old inns in the village of Edgware look in a flourishing condition in consequence; one there is, The Boot, which is a delightful red-brick building with a green trellis upon its front, and stands upon the right-hand side of the street as you look towards St. Albans. The Chandos Arms lies lower down towards the other end of the village, and is a beautiful old house with panelled passages, crooked windows with small panes, and a huge lamp and swinging sign, painted with the Chandos Arms, hanging out over the street upon a great crossway



W. L. Jenkins.

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WILLIAM POWELL'S TOMB.

beam and post of timber. The house is said to have been the "ancient house" of the Losse family, at one time the owners of Canons; but be this as it may, the Chandos Arms still has associations with "princely Canons." There is an old carved fireplace in one of the rooms supposed to have been bought at the demolition of the mansion in 1747, though the fact of its existence has to be taken upon trust, for the part of the house containing it is declared to be in such a tumble-down condition that it is not safe to explore it.

The house of Canons, associated with the name of the immortal Handel, and the home of the Duke of Chandos, who was sometimes called the Grand Duke, from his princely style of living, was about half a mile from Edgware at Whitechurch. The house was begun in 1715, and much talent and an enormous sum of money were employed in the building of it. The north front was erected by Strong, the mason employed in the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the architects were Gibbs James of Greenwich and Sheppard, who designed the theatres in Goodman's Fields and Covent Garden. The beautiful pleasure grounds were laid out with vistas, lakes, canals, and statues by Dr. Alexander Blackwell, the author of the "Treatise on Agriculture." From each corner of the

house to the road stretched avenues of elms, and the principal avenue was a mile in length, and broad enough to admit of three coaches going abreast.

And the magnificence of the establishment of the Duke of Chandos was well in keeping with the stately house. De Foe, in his journey through England in 1732, leaves on record, "Here are continually maintained, and that in the dearest part of England as to house expenses, not less than 120 in family, and yet a face of plenty always appears in every part of it. When

his Grace goes to church he is attended by the Swiss guards, ranged as the yeoman of the guards." The Swiss guards were eight old sergeants of the Army, whom the Duke took out of Chelsea Hospital and provided with neat lodgings at the end of each of his chief avenues. Canons, though Pope denied it, was supposed to be the Timon's Villa of his "Epistle on False Taste," which, if it were so, and everything points to its having been the case, the satire is an exhibition of ingratitude upon the

smile was like heaven, and surely that heavenly smile must often have been upon his face as he heard his own beautiful music sung by the choir in that little church.

The Duke must have spent considerable thought and care and much money upon the decoration of that church. He brought artists over from France to paint it. Upon the panels of the nave and upon the ceiling are paintings by Laguerre, giving rise probably to the lines in Pope's satire:

"On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

The two pictures on either side of the altar are the work of Bellucci, and over the gallery at the west end is a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," also by Bellucci.

Upon the north side of the church is the mortuary chapel of the Chandos family, with a huge marble tombstone and a figure of the Duke in Roman costume, with one of his wives upon either side. A romantic story is told about the marriage of the Duke's third wife. He is said to have been driving through Marlborough, and while halting at the Castle Inn to have heard a woman's screams proceeding from the yard. He went to see what was the matter, and found a beautiful girl at the mercy of an ostler, who was beating her cruelly. The Duke interfered, and the ostler declared that the girl was his wife, and therefore he had a right to beat her, but that he was willing to sell her for £20. The Duke paid down the money and took the girl away, had her educated, and eventually married her. The

quaint story is recorded in a book that is preserved in the British Museum, and which is bound in some crimson velvet that remained over from the coffin of the Duchess.

A pathetic story is told of one little occupant of the family vault, a child of the Duke's. The parents are said to have been so delighted at its birth that they loaded its small body with so much gold and jewels as to cause its death. The story is still told among the parishioners.

Handel went to Canons in 1718 as director and organist to the Duke of Chandos, and the beautiful country place must have seemed to him a perfect haven of calm after the period of storm and confusion through which he had been passing at the time of the performance of his opera, "Rinaldo." In that opera a curious piece of realistic scenery was arranged, for the gardens of Armida were filled with living birds, which, however, as the production was in the winter, all had to be sparrows.

At Canons, Handel lived in complete quiet and independence, and was able there to do some good work. The daily services in the church, with a choir of voices and instruments, were no doubt a source of delight to him, and it was at Canons that his



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THE ALMSHOUSES.

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part of Pope, for the Duke had at one time showed him great kindness. But all this magnificence has long since vanished and become a thing of the past. The estate became encumbered through speculation, and the house was pulled down in 1747. Nothing now remains to show what Canons once was but the park with its splendid trees, and here and there groups of shrubs where the pleasure grounds once were. There are several relics of the grandeur of the house distributed in different parts of the country. The marble staircase, each step of which was one solid block, was bought by Lord Chesterfield for his house in London, the beautiful carving, the work of Grinling Gibbons, went to the hall of Bush Hill near Enfield, and New College, Oxford, possesses the iron railings that surrounded the park.

A house was built upon the site of Canons, which bears the interest of having been sold to the owner of the great race-horse Eclipse. In old age the horse was taken from Epsom to Canons upon a specially constructed carriage; he ended his days there and is buried in the park.

Quite near to the park, embosomed in trees and with yews upon each side of the little path leading to the porch, stands the church that is so closely connected with the memory of Handel. The body of the church was pulled down and rebuilt by the Duke in 1715, in order that it might correspond with his house of Canons, and it is only owing to a chance, and what was then thought at the time to be an unfortunate mistake, that the same act of vandalism was not performed upon the tower, which dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and is still left standing. When the body of the church was rebuilt, the parishioners, anticipating the Duke's munificence and expecting a new set of bells and a new tower also, sold the six old bells to the adjoining church of Great Stanmore, and he was so disgusted with their avarice that he left the tower standing. The church itself is a specimen of the solid, unimaginative, hideous, but characteristic style of Georgian architecture. In fancy one can see Handel walking up the path between the yew trees, with the gait that was "ever sauntering with somewhat of a rocking motion," and the background of the Georgian church is an appropriate one to the figure, though the great soul of the man belongs to all ages.

Later, as one enters the church with its pompous and uncommon interior, one can picture him in the dim light sitting at the organ behind the altar; that organ, with its beautiful case carved by Grinling Gibbons, that he must have loved so well. He was described by one who knew him as large and somewhat unwieldy in his actions, his countenance full of fire and dignity. His general look was somewhat heavy and sour, but when he did smile it was like the sun bursting out of a black cloud. His



W. L. Jenkins.

THE OLD COACH ROAD.

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sacred drama of "Esther" is said to have been first performed, and composed upon the organ in the church. Canons also inspired his "Acis and Galatea" and the two fine Chandos Anthems and Chandos Te Deums were written there. But the special romance and associations of Canons centre round the composition of "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Handel is said to have taken shelter from a storm in the forge of William Powell, and to have heard the blacksmith singing at his work a melody

which exactly chimed in with the tones of the anvil. Upon being interrogated the blacksmith is said to have declared that he had heard the tune, but that he knew neither its name nor that of its composer. The air remained in Handel's head, and what is known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was the result, though it is not certain that the master himself gave the piece that name. Anyhow, William Powell, the village blacksmith, has been canonised. Originally there was only a wooden railing round his grave in Whitchurch churchyard, but in 1868 a subscription was raised, and now a stone to his memory stands under the shade of a beautiful beech tree. Upon it is carved the anvil and hammer of the blacksmith, surrounded by a laurel wreath and a bar of music, and the date of death February 27th, 1780, aged 78. Lady Lake, who founded the little almshouses adjoining the churchyard, and who knew the blacksmith, described him as a fine-looking

man, nearly 6ft. high. He always, she said, wore a clean shirt, with a collar thrown back on the shoulders, and a red cap on his head, and he constantly sang while he worked. His hammer and the anvil, the tone of which when struck was in precisely the same key as Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," were kept as sacred relics until the collection in which they were was sold in 1879. It is the opinion of some that the air was a plagiarism, and that the original composition was by Wagenseil, or even some earlier composer, but, be that as it may, the only known copy that exists is a MS. in an old book in the British Museum of the air in the treble by Handel.

The blacksmith sleeps in the little country churchyard near where his humble work was carried on, and the great man whose genius has immortalised him rests not far off among the other mighty dead whose names are in the roll of the world's history.

L. SALMON.

WILD GAME AT GROOTE SCHUUR.—I.

THE ceaseless mental activity of Cecil Rhodes, and his constant desire to do something useful, something for the benefit of his fellow-men, manifested themselves in a multitude of ways. Not the least interesting among the varied channels into which he directed his energies and poured out his wealth is the magnificent collection of wild

animals, chiefly gathered from the game of South Africa, which he enclosed in a spacious park adjoining his fine old Dutch house, Groote Schuur. Here, in a fine natural wilderness, behind the flanks of Table Mountain, are to be seen some of the noblest among the great game of the country. Captain H. Moore, when stationed at the Cape a year or two since, amongst many other interesting studies of wild life, secured at Groote Schuur the pictures which this article accompanies.

The koodoo (*strepsiceros kudu*), one of the finest and most important game animals of the world, is a bush and forest loving species still to be found in fair plenty in many parts of South Africa. Even in Cape Colony, thanks to timely preservation, it is at the present day not uncommon in the maritime districts to the south and eastward. In the interior and in many parts of Africa beyond the Zambesi, the koodoo, like the buffalo, suffered very severely from the dire plague of rinderpest; this was especially the case in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, where ten years ago it was one of the commonest antelopes. Still, the koodoo is by no means near extinction, even in these countries; and in Khama's country, Angola—Portuguese South-West Africa—and other regions, it is still abundant. It is found throughout East Africa as far north as Somaliland and Abyssinia.

Standing about 5ft. at the withers, and weighing in a good specimen some 500lb., the koodoo bull, with its splendid shape and colouring and fine port, is one of the finest sporting beasts in all Africa. Its magnificent spiral horns, measuring over the curve as much as 63in., rank deservedly among the most coveted of hunting trophies. The female is hornless, and a much less imposing animal than her lord. The koodoo's head is beautifully neat and game-like, and the coat, which varies from pale ashy brown to a bluish grey in the older animals, is marked with the prominent white striping to be noticed in the illustrations. The mane and neck fringe are very noticeable, as are the remarkable white face markings. In its own country, among bush and thin forest, or over rocky hills, the koodoo is a difficult beast to bring to bag. It is marvellously active, and, despite its huge horns, can duck and plunge through thick bush in most astonishing fashion. On these occasions the horns are laid flat on the back, and are apparently no impediment whatever to the animal's progress. Naturally extremely wary, the koodoo's safety is still further ensured by the keen powers of scent possessed by all African game animals, and by a wonderfully acute sense of

hearing. In this respect the koodoo is undoubtedly largely aided by the big, bell-like ears, which help to convey the slightest sounds. Viewed, as I have viewed this noble beast, in some grassy glade of the bush or upon some rugged hillside, often accompanied by his little troop of cows, and perhaps a calf or two, the koodoo is certainly one of the grandest beasts of the



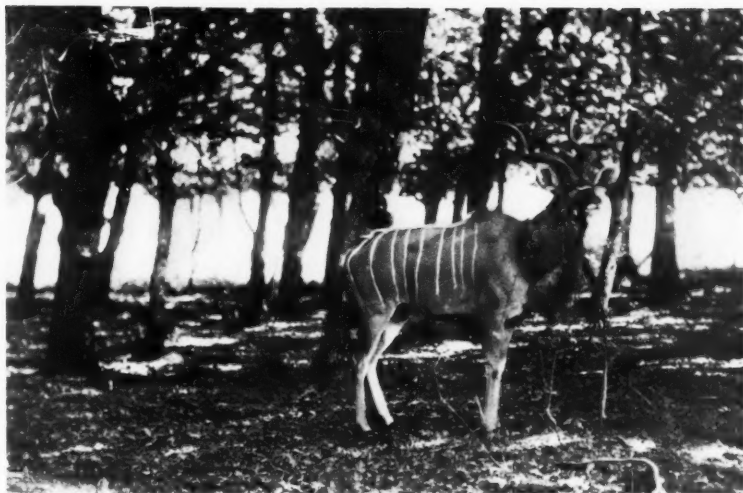
SPRINGBOK.

wilderness. He is an exceedingly difficult antelope to stalk, but if surprised in fairly open country can be ridden down by a good horse in two or three miles. As a rule, these animals are found in troops of from five or seven to a dozen. Occasionally a troop of as many as twenty may be met with, but this is rare.

The flesh of the koodoo is very good eating, the marrow bones especially are excellent, and the hide, which is thin but very tough, is in great request for harness, reins, hide thongs, and halters (riems), and such-like purposes. These animals are magnificent jumpers; they will leap an obstacle of seven feet without difficulty, and I have known them clear high wire fencing into and out of "camps" and kraals in the south of Cape Colony and other parts of the country. In spite of its grand horns, the bull koodoo is a very harmless and timorous beast of chase. Unlike the sable and roan antelopes and the gemsbok, which defend themselves vigorously and are dangerous when at bay, the koodoo seldom, if ever, charges when wounded and brought to a stand. Thanks to its shy and secretive habits, and the difficult nature of the country it inhabits, this antelope will resist extermination in Africa probably for many generations yet to come. That this may be the case all good sportsmen and lovers of Nature must devoutly hope.

The gallant little klipspringer, literally "rock-jumper" (*oreotragus saltator*), is a very different kind of antelope, far

removed from the grand manner of the lordly koodoo or the stately eland. Yet, despite its diminutive size, it is a most engaging little beast, having many very interesting and curious traits. Standing no more than two feet at the shoulder, the klipspringer, or klipbok, as the Boers often call it, is a sturdy little buck, having a curious, grizzled, olive-coloured coat, which fades to a pale yellow or yellowish white at the throat and under-parts. This coat is composed of loose brittle hair, each hair being hollow, and differing from that of every other African antelope. The klipspringer is a wonderful mountain climber, scaling the most breakneck cliffs, and leaping fearlessly from dangerous altitudes with the perfection of ease and nonchalance. I believe that this thick, bristly coat is a protection of Nature against the falls which it may sometimes incur. Certainly one can scarcely imagine a better padding than this integument. The klipbok's coat has always been in high favour among the Boers for saddle-stuffing, a purpose for which it answers admirably, being light and very elastic. The male of this antelope carries short, sharp horns, from 3 in. to 4½ in. in length; the female is hornless. There is one very curious point to be noticed in the legs of these animals, manifestly another adaptation or development of Nature, suited to their mountaineering habits. The pasterns are extraordinarily rigid, and the little creatures leap, and alight, and walk, as it were, on the very tips of their toes. For mountain shooting no animal in Africa gives better sport, and in Cape Colony and elsewhere I have enjoyed some most delightful days of stalking with these antelopes. Quite apart from the satisfaction of securing a head of this shy and difficult game, one has the pleasure of seeking these "chamois of South Africa" in some of the wildest and most romantic mountains in the world, amid scenery garnished and beautified often by the most lovely wild flowers and blooming shrubs. The sight of a pair of klipboks scaling an apparently impossible cliff or leaping over a sheer precipice on to some tiny coign of vantage no bigger than a penny-piece, is in itself, amid such surroundings, one of the most wonderful revelations of African wild life. The venison of this little antelope is remarkably good, quite among the best to be found in South Africa. Travelling through the Bechuanaland Protectorate some years ago, I became acquainted with a very curious native tradition touching these antelopes. The Bechuanas have an idea that they attract rain, and shortly before I passed through the Bangwaketse country, there being great drought, the natives went into the hills, and hunted and caught klipspringers. They take them alive—a matter of enormous difficulty—and carry them about in



KODOO BULL.

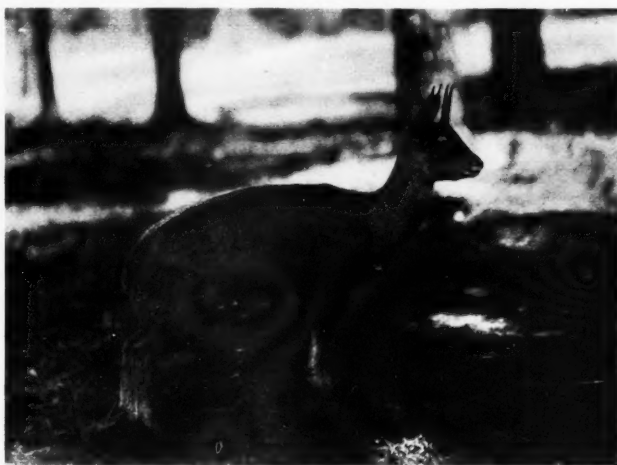
their arms, pinching the poor little beasts to make them squeal. Their plaintive cries are supposed to attract the much-longed-for rain. It is an odd custom, how originated no man can say.

Springboks are, perhaps, not quite so much at home in the enclosures of Groote Schuur as some of the other animals confined there. True children of the open desert, they must miss, surely, those vast and illimitable expanses of karroo and grass plain which they and their ancestors have ranged during thousands of unknown and unhistoried years. Most people know something of the springbok and its habits, of its once inordinate plenty, in the days, little more than forty or fifty years ago, when a Trekbokken (migration) of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 of these antelopes would move from one part of northern Cape Colony to another, devouring every shred of vegetation before them. Those days are even now not quite departed, and in the far deserts of north-western Cape Colony you may yet see a very respectable "trek" of these active and most fecund creatures. The speed, lightness, and grace of the springbok are alike remark-

able; and in activity and leaping powers it is surpassed by no other antelope or gazelle in the world. When alarmed or excited or at play, a springbok will bound straight up in the air—propelled from rigid legs—eight or ten feet clear. This leap it will repeat half-a-dozen times in succession, and then fleet away over the plain, a veritable triumph of motion. It is small wonder that the old-time Boers christened this wonderful antelope the "leaping buck." Springbok are still plentiful in many parts of South Africa, from the Karroo to Benguela, and are likely to remain so for many years to come.

Captain Moore's photograph of an eland bull, instead of having been taken in the enclosures of Groote Schuur, might well—so natural does the big antelope appear—have been secured among some typical forest stretch of Mashonaland or the Kalahari Desert. These magnificent beasts, the largest antelopes in the world, attain to a height of six feet at the withers. They have the knack of putting on flesh amazingly, and old bulls wax so fat that they are easily ridden to a standstill and shot from the saddle. They are now decidedly scarce animals in South Africa, and I never set eyes on one in the wild state until I had penetrated the far and waterless recesses of the Northern Kalahari. Here they still roam in big troops, in company with giraffe and gemsbok—animals, like themselves, capable of existing without water for months together. The flesh of this goodly beast is most excellent—fat, tender, and juicy, and resembling young beef, with a game-like flavour of its own. In the Kalahari, the desert or unstriped eland is to be found. In Rhodesia and further north, the striped or Livingstone's eland takes its place. The Derbian eland, now an almost unknown species, is found in the hinterland of the Gambia and Senegambia country in West Africa. It remains for some enterprising traveller and sportsman to rediscover this last-named species, which carries the finest horns of the group.

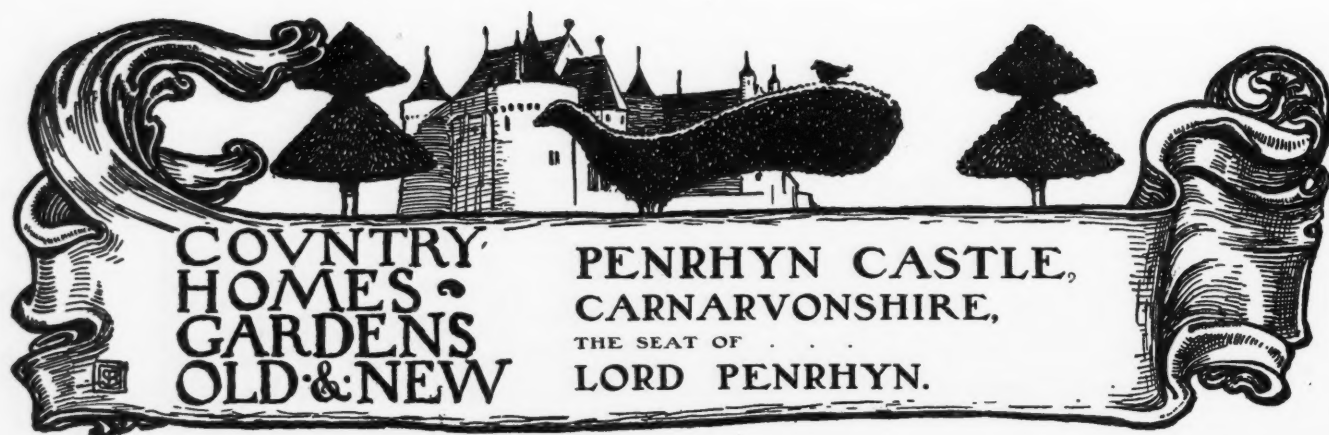
H. A. BRYDEN.



KLIPSPRINGER.



ELAND BULL.



THE owner of Penrhyn Castle is a keen fisherman, who enjoys unusual opportunities of indulging in his favourite pastime at Penrhyn, where the Ogwen River rushes through the park, at Glan Conway, which is hard by, and at Banchory, which is not far from Balmoral. He owns grouse moors in Wales, mostly in the vicinity of Ysppyty Ifan, which yield fine sport, for the best Welsh moors are better than the average English sportsman knows, and, although he is getting on in years (he was born in 1836), there is nobody who enjoys a day in the hunting-field more than he does when he is at Wicken Park, Stony Stratford. In Carnarvonshire, by the way, there is no hunting on horseback, for such foxes as there are keep to the unmanageable mountains, and are treated as lamb-destroying vermin. Lord Penrhyn also breeds race-horses, and trains them, and he and his father before him have done all that in them lay to encourage the pursuit of sound principles in the breeding of cattle. Let it be added that Lord Penrhyn is unremitting in his attention to county business, and then he may be summed up as a thoroughly useful and manly Englishman of great power and influence.

Of the Penrhyn family, which is very large, it cannot be said, as it can be of many great families, that they have many houses but no home. On the contrary, it may be said with truth that the connection between Lord Penrhyn and the grey castle from which he takes his title is closer than is usual in the case of our nobility. It is much closer, for example, than that between Lord Carnarvon and the castled capital of North Wales. In Carnarvonshire lie Lord Penrhyn's great estates, and Penrhyn Castle is the home in which he takes life most seriously. Of the building of that castle, by the first Lord Penrhyn and Mr. Dawkins Pennant; of the choice of the site, originally occupied by the house of an eighth century Prince of Wales rejoicing in the name of Rhodri Moelwnog; of the grey Anglesey marble from Penmon which was used in the construction of the house, the readers of COUNTRY LIFE had an opportunity of obtaining some knowledge so long ago as October 9th, 1897. But the concern of artist and writer was mainly with architectural effects and matters more or less historical in those days. At this later time, by way of supplement

if it so please, something is said of the gentler side of the environment of Penrhyn Castle, and of the remarkable effects which have been produced by the judicious use of the opportunities which Nature and the climate of North Wales offer to those who are prepared to take them.

Gardeners in North Wales, using the word "gardeners" in the widest sense, and applying it to those who employ no less than to them who serve, have grand opportunities, but they are at the same time subject to strict limitations, and this is particularly true of places which lie at all near the sea. The west and south-west winds, although Penrhyn Castle is sheltered from them considerably by the range of low hills beneath which Bangor and its cathedral nestle, forbid the existence of trees



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LEADING TO THE DELL.

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PENRHYN CASTLE: THE DELL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of such a size as would be admired in the midland counties of England. Roses, again, very rarely succeed on the seacoast of North Wales, from the rosarian's point of view, as they do in Hertfordshire or in Berkshire. This is written not without fear and trembling, for there are Welsh gardeners, carrying on operations not far from the seacoast either, who think that they can grow roses. Long may they cherish the comforting delusion; but the hard truth is that at

best they are struggling against difficulties, and they have a far better chance of producing good effects by encouraging climbers and ramblers, on chains if it please them, as in one of the pictures, than of winning prizes for perfect blossoms against all comers. Moreover, their gardens are the more rather than the less beautiful when once they have realised this, for, if truth may be told, your strict rosarian's rose garden is by no means always a thing of beauty. With sea air, very little frost in winter, hardly any of those late frosts which work havoc almost every year in the inland counties, a superabundant rainfall, and, as a rule, a by no means adequate manifestation of the sun, the giver of life, those who are wise among them will cut their coats according to their cloth. In this respect they are wise at Penrhyn. They make the most of the fuchsias and the fern growths which the climate tempts them to encourage, whereas



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A GARDEN WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in many and many a Carnarvonshire garden it will be found that the shrubs and plants which thrive are reckoned of little account and neglected, while futile care is lavished on starveling growths struggling for life in unsuitable surroundings.

The writer is tempted, in writing of the gardens of Penrhyn, to quote (changing the words slightly to fit the facts as he goes on) a fine passage written by Mr. William Robinson, the greatest

of the preachers of the new gospel of the garden, concerning Rhianfa, which lies on the far side of the Menai Straits. "The garden is protected from the violence of the westerly gales, while the more tender plants are sheltered from the nipping east winds by the larger shrubs and trees. The climate is mild in winter, and the trees and shrubs grow with great rapidity; hedges of red fuchsias and of blue and pink hydrangeas soon hide the stone walls. Myrtles and camellias and some acacias are found to do admirably out of doors; and at the present time the only difficulty is to prevent the shrubs from injuring each other through their rapid growth. In summer the luxuriant abundance of roses, climbing from bush to bush, the cypresses, the tamarisk, and the vines, the water and the purple mountains in the background, seem to belong rather to the Lake of Como than to the wilds of Wales.



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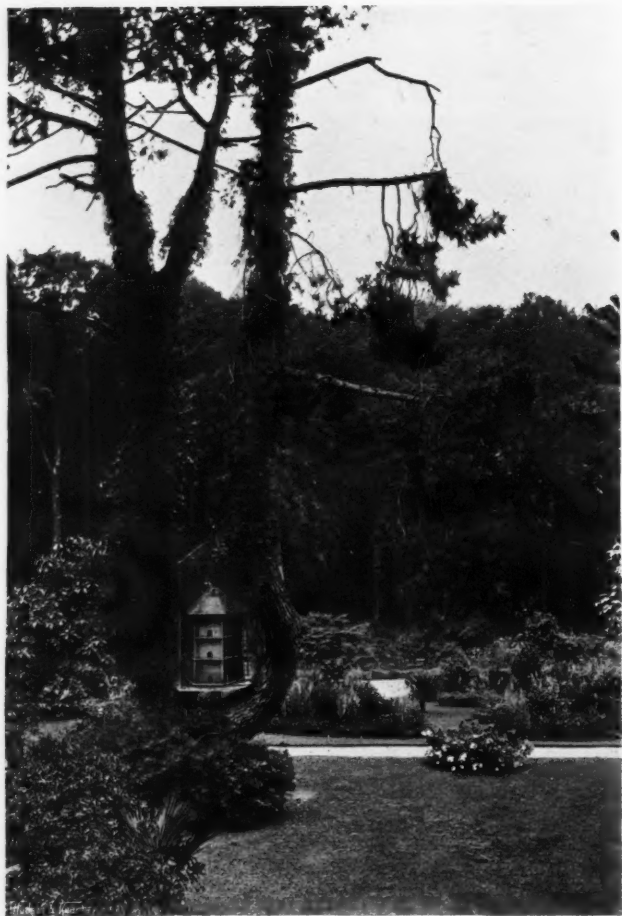
BOX BORDERS ON THE TERRACE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DOVECOIE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

All the borders are mossed over with small green plants; large, hardy, exotic ferns are spread into groups; lacework of ivy, vine, and creepers is in many parts. A mixed order of planting is pursued, but in many cases the shrubs and plants are allowed to spread as they will, and the climbers take picturesque shapes. This is an example of the vast absurdity of the common notion that a terraced garden can only be properly dealt with as a stiff 'bedded-out' garden. . . . It is a precious example of a terraced garden that shelters every treasure of our garden Flora,

from the cyclamen to the tea rose." Penrhyn is, perhaps, not so highly favoured as Rhianfa with its sheer southerly aspect, nor was the call for many terraces so clear at Penrhyn as at Rhianfa. But the majestic background of mountains is there, and to the terrace garden, with its blazing cannas, every word written by Mr. Robinson applies, and there can be no sort of question as to the luxuriance of growth or as to the mildness of the climate. The writer knows them both well, and the pictures, especially those showing the dell and its approaches (where, by the way, bamboos flourish amazingly), are there to witness if he lies.

But the real glory of Penrhyn is the fuchsia walk. Let the reader gaze for a moment at the long colonnade, with its series of arches, through the cool shadow into the glaring sunlight at the far end. Let him try to read into the picture the tender green of the foliage, the graceful droop of the scarlet and purple tassels. He will then realise that, at Penrhyn, such use is made of the noble tree fuchsias as is, so far as the writer's personal knowledge goes, made nowhere else. Devon or Cornwall may show something like it, but North Wales certainly does not, for the tree fuchsia, just because it grows well and because human nature is perverse, is despised there as a rule. Yet to grow tree fuchsias to perfection in Carnarvonshire and Anglesey nothing is necessary save to push cuttings, broken or cut anyhow, into the ground, choosing, if possible, a spot sheltered from the prevailing winds. Such a colonnade of fuchsias as that at Penrhyn would be the wonder of a county in England. In Carnarvonshire, if the secrets of all hearts were revealed, it is probably regarded as a peculiar manifestation of taste. "Anybody can grow fuchsias," one can imagine a neighbour saying; "why devote so much space to them?" Fortunately, at Penrhyn there is plenty of space for a development of the fuchsia which is not only beautiful, but also an object-lesson in the true spirit of horticulture. For the sound principle is to make the very best of the attainable, and not to struggle after the hopeless.

MOTHS.

"In the new-born air
The moth quivers in silence."

POETRY is all very well—plenty of it has been written about moths; but a few words of prose, as graphic as they are familiar, account for much of their unpopularity. "Where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." This sentence, for centuries, has labelled the poor moth as the enemy of man; but is it fair on him? We are not meant to interpret the broad teaching of the Bible too literally, nor read into it what is not there. Even as there are men and men, there are moths and moths. Some are good, and some are bad; many are useful, and most are beautiful; and the clothes-moth of the Sermon on the Mount,



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THE FUCHSIA WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who arouses such bitter feelings within us, as we watch him fly from drawer or cupboard, even he is not so guilty as he seems. Do human creatures of to-day hold themselves responsible for the misdoings of their ancestors—say, of the Stone Age? No. Why, then, should we blame the soft-winged Psyches that fly from darkness to the light for depredations committed by their distant progenitors—the grubs? These are the real offenders, the culprits who eat the cloth, and, growing by what they feed on, proceed to weave it into winding-sheets, wherein they roll themselves ere falling on a death-like sleep. They vanish, leaving their silk-lined cases empty. What knows the moth of them?

It would be juster to the moth family if, instead of bewailing their ravages in wrap or riding-coat (we ought to have smothered them in bitter-apple), we called to mind the many useful moths whose relatives bequeath to us such dazzling riches. In the matter of raiment where would the nations of the East and West be without the silkworm moths, whose children spin the fragile balls of threaded gold we steal by thousands, and, heedless of the dormant life within, weave into shining lengths and folds? Men and women are never dressed so finely as by the moth.

Moths themselves are beautiful; the garden world would be a wilderness without the flitting silken flowers so carelessly called butterflies, though more than half of them are really moths. There is great confusion between the two.

What is the difference between a moth and a butterfly? This is the kind of question to which the answer is generally forgotten as soon as heard.

Should the subject be mooted, ten to one some schoolboy or infant from the nursery will inform his elders. The antennæ



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ROSE CHAINS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the butterfly are clubbed at the tip, and those of the moth are pointed; another difference is in the position of the wings

when alighting. The butterfly folds his up tight and fast like a letter-clip, and the moth keeps his outspread. There is one more difference. Butterflies fly only by day, and moths fly both by day and night.

The Camberwell Beauty is a moth that is nearly always miscalled a butterfly, and he is but one example out of many. Few butterflies are lovelier than the Humming-bird moth. See him on a brilliant summer's day as

he hovers over the petunia and geranium beds, sipping the nectar deep hidden in the calyx of the flowers, and listen to the almost musical humming he produces by the swift vibration of his wings. What a note of happiness he brings! For splendour no butterfly can eclipse the Elephant Hawk moth, whose downy wings of vivid green are tipped with rose-red velvet, and on each is set the bright eye of a hawk. But for strange equipment nothing can surpass the Death's-head moth. Like a priest full-dressed, he bears a picture on his back; it is that of a human skull, limned vividly in buff and black. Besides this grim adornment, Nature has endowed the Death's-head with a squeak. The two things together make him rather a terrifying insect.

Queer things are told us about moths. There is one called the Waved Black, which is very rare; his market price is no less than five sovereigns. He generally lives in coal cellars, and his colour is a rich black; not on account of the coal dust—it is his natural hue. He has two pale patches on either wing, set off by wavy lines of blackness, more intense than that of the rest of his body; hence his name. Not even Mr. Theodore Wood can tell



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PENRHYN CASTLE: THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

us what he lives on. Moths in their way are wise. As harbingers of spring it is never safe to trust a butterfly. They mislead us. Untimely roused from stupor, last year's butterflies will sometimes reappear upon a sunny winter's day in summer-house or shrubbery or church, and after fluttering an hour or two go fast asleep again. This is the kind of butterfly that country people send to editors of newspapers, who eye them dubiously as they flutter drowsily among the ink and paste pots, looking singularly out of place. Moths are much more wary than butterflies. One among them is an unmistakable herald. He is known among moth-fanciers as the Spring Usher. He is sometimes black and sometimes speckled and sometimes striped; never mind his looks, when we see him we may cry "Spring is here," and shall not be disappointed. He is a clever little fellow, too, for though like the leopard he cannot change his spots, he can choose to settle on whatever surface most resembles himself, and thus outwit his hunters.

Before we have done with the moth, can we think of any other bone besides the cloth-eating one we have to pick with him? Well, yes, there is one, I think. It is the tiresome way he has on summer nights of frizzling himself in lamp and candle. How annoying when the semi-cremated creature falls on the page of our book. We cannot imagine what to do with the remains. It is cruel to leave the wingless body trying to whirr itself once more towards the flame, yet what can be done with it? We wish moths would cure themselves of this bad habit, but are we not fellow sinners and sufferers? It is not only the maidens of whom the poet writes who are "caught by glare," nor only the hapless moth who gets his wings singed when he tries to "hitch his waggon to a star."

There is another moth, a night flyer, who also teases. It is

the moth who disturbs us in the silent watches of the night, droning a dreary lullaby, which has the effect of rousing the soundest sleeper instantly to intense wakefulness. The whirring sound is unaccounted for till there is a soft flutter, then we know the worst—a moth is in the room! But if we think he means to be caught we are mistaken. This particular moth—large, fat, soft, and a little sticky—is generally a Sphinx, and acts up to his name. He deludes us, deceives us, puzzles and torments us, till we are worn out, when, entirely of his own accord, he quivers away out of the window to join the other pretty things that haunt the dusk "with filmy shapes and ermine capes, and woolly breasts, and beaded eyes." There he may take his day sleep among the ivy trails.

Moths may be a little more troublesome than butterflies, perhaps, but they are not nearly so characterless. One lady (a poetess) thinks the pearl-white moths that flit about the dusky garden may be the spirits of those who hold this world too close and dear to leave it. Be this as it may, we cannot doubt that somehow or another moths have managed to make themselves more interesting and impressive to human beings than most other insects. They are subtle, mysterious, and startling. At times it seems almost as if they could appear and disappear at will; that they possess some magic of sudden invisibility anyone may know who has watched the way they come and go on flowers. Even those among us who cannot love the moth may at all events respect him.

"For us the day, and all the daylight cheer;
Twilight's for delicate things more glad than we.
Moths have their right as well as birds to fly;
Let the pale moth go by."

F. A. B.

A RAMBLE THROUGH TEESDALE.

THOSE who delight in the Dove, the Derwent, and the Derbyshire Wye, in the still more famous Wye that cleaves its ancient way to the Severn, and in the wooded reaches of the regal Thames, may still find delight and enjoyment in the splendid dale of the Tees. They may even admit that, in its mingled charm of moorland wild, of its rugged rocky bed, and of the sylvan retreats that shelter the historic stream, flowing through scenes of poetic and

dramatic splendour, it ranks very high in the proud rivalry of position. There is, indeed, as much of impressive and entrancing scenery along its course as gives charm to any river-way in England.

Rising in the great mountain range of the Pennine Chain, and in the forests of Stainmoor and the Lune, which are the stern nursing mothers of the Tyne and the Wear as well, it flows onward between the shires of York and Durham, with yellow



E. Yeoman.

THE MOORLAND BIRTH OF THE TEES.

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E. Yeoman.

WOOD, MOORLAND, AND STREAM.

Copyright

waters tinged by the peat of the moors that have been its birth-place, breaking into foam as it roars from cataract to cataract among the pillared cliffs of the basalt, descending then into the forest shades, stealing by feudal towers and the mouldering walls of abbeys and castles, and whispering to the woodlands in scenes which have inspired the genius of Turner and the muse of Scott.

Those who take their pleasure in mountain wandering and in the fresh breezes of the moors, will find its early course, where it is yet but a little stream, extremely interesting to explore. There are great heights all about it which may be ascended for the glorious prospects over its lower valley on one side, and over the richly cultivated dale of the Eden and the mountains of Westmorland and the Lakes on the other. In this early part of its course the river is mostly at a height of 2,000ft. above the sea, making its way amid the heather, which is the haunt of the grouse, or through hungry mountain pasture, which gives scanty herbage for the horned sheep of that elevated region. Growing stronger as it progresses, the turbulent Tees gathers to its waters many moorland streams, pursuing its way in the mountain hollows and sometimes in swampy and dangerous places, then gliding into a long twisted lakelet, where it seems to gather strength for a plunge down the great defile known as Cauldron Snout, where it is lashed into fury by the sharp edges of the rock, and descends as a boiling torrent from point to point for a distance of half a mile or more, beyond which it hastens under the weird range of Falcon Clints, being towering basaltic cliffs which lift their frowning crests to a height of some hundreds of feet above the stream.

This point is still some miles from the head of the Tees Valley Railway, and ere the river reaches Middleton, where the terminus, is it leaps downward some 70ft. in the glorious cataract known as the High Force. Long before the upward traveller reaches it he hears it thundering down the dale. Here a huge mass of basaltic rock cleaves the stream in two, and on either side the boiling waters plunge in turbid foam with a sounding roar into the dark chasm, while a cloud of spray rises, in which a rainbow is seen when the sunlight penetrates the gorge and is reflected by the foam into the water-worn caves below. The rock scenery is here magnificent, the woodland both rich and beautiful, and the undergrowth of ferns and wild flowers abundant. The visitor to this enchanting spot should find his opportunity after heavy or long-continued rain if he would see the river in all its magnificence. A glorious prospect of the gorge, the woods that enframe it, and the mountains beyond, is obtained on the road a little below the fall, whence it makes a grand picture of rugged splendour, backed by the purple slopes of the hills and the distant height of Mickel Fell.

Middleton in Teesdale may be described as a thriving village, to which the lead mines and railway have brought something of modest fortune, and as a centre from which a magnificent country



E. Yeoman.

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THE MAD CAREER IN CAULDRON SNOOT.

may be explored. Then, in the downward journeying, we come to ancient Romaldkirk, a truly quaint and attractive village, grouped about a rustic green, with the beautiful old church of St. Romald amidst spreading trees, over which rises the broad square tower, and there is the effigy of an ancient knight, and much else that is interesting within. Hereabout the names bespeak Saxon occupation, for Thor and Woden are discovered, and the Balder Brook joins the stream. The village of Cotherstone, famous for its cheeses, lies near the confluence of the Balder and the Tees, and a most picturesque mill is there, painted

by many artists. The river course is now most gloriously wooded, and a huge cliff known as Percymyre lifts its beetling front to a height of 200ft. close by the stream. Legend asserts that the last lord of Romaldkirk plunged over at night with his horse into the Tees. High above the meeting of the Balder and Tees are the scarcely distinguishable fragments of an old fortalice of the Fitz Hughs. Scott, who learned to love the dale, when he stayed with his friend Mr. Morritt at Rokeby, below Barnard Castle, named this rugged fragment "Pendragon's lonely mound" at the suggestion of his friend. "We rode next, if you remember," Mr. Morritt wrote to him, "to Cotherstone, an ancient village of the Fitz Hughs on the Tees, whence I showed you a rock rising over the crown of the wood, still called Pendragon Castle." We are now in a region where Tees—the dalesmen speak of the river as if it were a personality—dons a more ample vesture of green, for the richest woodland clothes the steep, and in some parts are truly magnificent trees. For sweet and picturesque charm few parts of the Dale can excel romantic Cotherstone, and the



E. Yeoman.

THE HIGH FORCE.

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place lies not far from Lartington, which is another picturesque village, a little lower down, with the old house of the Withams, and the park fringing the river, all very beautiful and attractive. And now, to quote Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby,"

"While as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd walls.
High crowned he sits, in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale."

Barnard Castle, that quaint and ancient town to which he refers, is truly the centre from which the best part of Teesdale may be visited, and we are reminded that Barnard Baliol gave name to the place. It was his castle, and about it grew the town. The Tees forms a lake-like expanse above the old bridge, by the castle, which stands on a bold eminence dominating the stream, and with a grand outlook from its ruined keep over the dale.

But there is too much both of history and natural beauty in Teesdale to enable us to compress all into a single article. Therefore, we shall pause at Barnard Castle, as the capital of the region and the place that marks the separation of the Upper Dale from the Lower. In the vicinity of the town are charming places to explore—wooded gorges with babbling streams, breezy hills and interesting villages, and another article shall be devoted to some of them. A glorious view of some part of the dale we have traversed is obtained from the top of Baliol's Tower, whence, looking up the valley, the hills are seen rising picturesquely on either hand, dotted with farmsteads and richly wooded, wherever they fall towards the stream. The opening of Deepdale is in the view—

"And last and least, but loveliest still
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill."

This is a tributary dale of extreme beauty which may be traced for several miles into the hills. Then, on the Durham

in some loamy bank; the osier patches conceal the black-capped reed-bunting and chattering sedge-warbler, grey mouse-like whitethroats, and a sprinkling of familiar finches; in the meadow beyond dwell larks innumerable, with the wary and beautiful sulphur-coloured wagtail and the haunting corncrake, invisible to the eye but to ear omnipresent, while the long colonnades of pollard willows are the home of as many kinds of birds as all the rest together, with their multitude of dry holes and crevices great and small, suggest nurseries of any that young birds are blessed with, though sometimes, one would think, a trifle dark and dungeon-like. Darkest and deepest of all in the heart of the willows lives that sturdy troglodyte the great green woodpecker, whose wonderful excavations often provide a home for years afterwards to the nuthatch or wandering starling. Straight to the willow's heart he drives an orifice of the diameter of a good-sized orange, and sinks it vertically for 2ft. or 3ft. before widening it into the bottle-shaped cavity where the glossy eggs will be laid on the bare dry wood, and though sometimes at the heart the tree is decayed and soft, the woodpecker can drive his hole, with a circle as true as the plug that a cheesemonger cuts in a Stilton, straight into the soundest timber of an oak or beech or ash. When occupied upon the early stages of his work he may be seen clinging to the tree with his great head and bill held at right angles to the body like the head of a mattock, his claws gripped close, and his blunt tail braced to the bark, where the stream re-echoes to his blows, and the white wood-dust drifts on its waters; then with his wild laughing cry he takes flight across the meadow, dipping and tossing like a boat putting out through breakers, and alights again in his characteristic adze-like attitude beneath a bough of one of the great poplars, which shows from afar all seamed and pitted where he and his forefathers have riddled it for nesting-places or in search of food. For the work of the woodpecker outlasts the tree itself, and when at last the poplar makes fuel for winter fires the cloven logs will still show the grooves of the clean-cut gallery once tunnelled by him for a cradle-cell.

A pebble-toss across the stream a bush of water guelder trails its stiff twigs in the flow of the current, and here among the blossoms of the water-crowfoot a pair of dabchicks have moored their sodden nest, so that the wiry branches both suspend it against the forces of gravitation and anchor it against the stream. When the first two or three eggs were laid on the heap of reeking vegetation they were as white as the blossom of the water-crowfoot itself;



A. H. Robinson.

SEEN FROM ANOTHER POINT.

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side, the Percy Beck comes down through the Cleveland woods, which are romantically beautiful, and owe much of their charm to the judicious planting of the late Duke of Cleveland, and of Lord Barnard, his successor at Raby.

BIRDS ON A BACKWATER.

BETWEEN the still secluded backwater and the vision of grey towers grouped upon the horizon lies a great expanse of rich and verdant water-meadow, ablaze with buttercups like a very field of the cloth of gold, and broken only by rare lines of black club-headed willows, or here and there by a great shattered poplar that commands the distant levels like a watch-tower. All through the day, as I lie on the many-blossomed herbage of the water-side beneath the willows, a stream of bird life is coming and going on the surface of this great meadow, which is an inexhaustible hunting ground for birds with young to feed at home. By far the most numerous of all its visitors are the sturdy blunt-tailed starlings, that build by scores in the rambling sheds and outbuildings of the suburbs, happily here unseen, that fringe the city of the grey towers, and draw their food supply from the green world outside. Every minute within an easy field of vision half-a-dozen or more starlings come flying with their direct unswerving flight from the horizon; the wings are checked and curved like a parachute, the head is pointed down, as a diver guides his way in the water with his hands, and the bird sinks out of sight in the green meadow like a stone in the sea. In half a minute or so the sunlight plays metallically on his speckled back as he rises again out of the green field, unpauing, driving straight for his distant home. As he clears the grass tops with his well-filled bill he gives one harsh cry of plain and practical satisfaction, and then vanishes from view in the blue distance above the meadow, while half-a-dozen others drop downwards athwart his path.

These sturdy starlings are foragers from afar, but the backwater and its fringes have summer dwellers of their own of a wonderful and fascinating variety. On the stream itself are nesting many moorhens, and here and there a pair of lithe and wary dabchicks, while the kingfisher darts by like a beam of light, bearing a silver minnow to his secret gallery

but in a couple of days' time the muddy feet of the birds and the exudations of the rotting weed with which they presently heaped the nest indelibly stained them a dingy ochre, so that now, even where the end of one of them pokes out of the pudding-like dome of the nest like a half-embedded rifle bullet, it needs a close look to distinguish it. This is the way in which the dabchick and his beautiful brother the crested grebe have got over the great law of survival which decrees that only birds which build safely in holes like our friend the woodpecker can afford to lay white eggs, which are the simplest and earliest type.

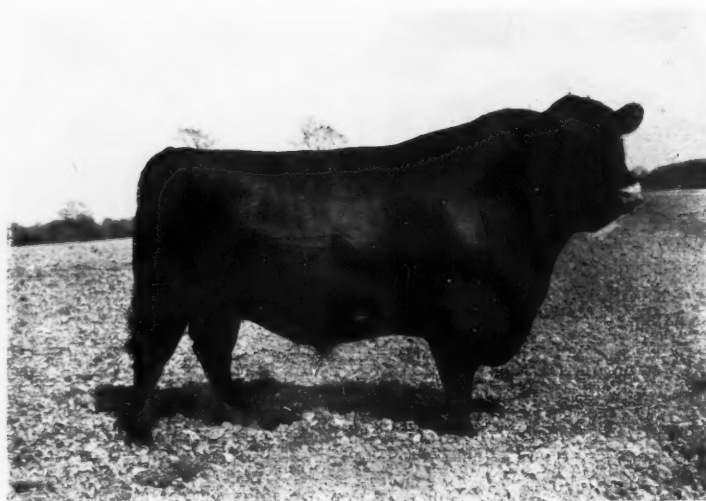
Most wonderfully modified of all are the eggs of such birds as the plovers on the meadows, which are laid perfectly unconcealed on the open ground. The warblers and finches and buntings, and all the company of the bushes and banksides with the rarest exceptions, lay spotted eggs midway in the colour-scale and reasonably inconspicuous in the half-light of a nest built in concealing herbage; and then come the hole-building kinds, with white eggs, like the woodpecker or wryneck or kingfisher, or pale blue ones, like the redstart or starling, or sprinkled with red dots that hardly modify their real whiteness, like the sturdy tits, the beautiful little tree-creeper that builds behind loose breadths of bark upon the willow boles, and many happy companions more. This great rule seems to be flatly disregarded by two birds only, the wood pigeon, or ring-dove, and the turtle-dove, both of which have nests in bushes but eggs as white as ivory. And so the notion suggests itself that they may once have built in holes, as the other members of their family, the rock and stock doves, do still, and that they have only changed their habits of late years, as years go in science. This also provides a likely extenuation for the measure of their attainments in architecture, which is about as low as it can be. Their loose and clumsy platform of sticks would be more than enough to furnish a hole in a rock or tree, though as a self-subsisting nest *en plein air* it makes the poorest appearance possible.

When twilight falls upon the backwater to bring in the short midsummer night, a new life comes abroad in the stillness. Over the great vague surface of the meadows, glimmering with wide expanses of moon-daisies like a luminous sea, there drifts from time to time the pale bodiless form of a barn-owl, quartering the field on silent wings. Everywhere above the grass there gleam and vibrate the great white swift moths, and the air is full of unseen dusky jays. Preying upon them, the dark shapes of the nightjars can be seen against the paler twilight of the upper sky, whirling round the

tree-tops, a maze of wild motion without sound. A roosting pigeon slips and flutters in a willow; instantly a sedge-warbler breaks into a snatch of his rattling song, and then is still again; but not for long. The glow of sunset has never sunk out of the north, and already the first lark is singing before the dawn, and all the busy day begins again. A. C.

A SUFFOLK HOMESTEAD.

SUFFOLK is a county which inspires its natives with a kind of local patriotism scarcely equalled in any other part of the country, and the traveller through it, looking at the well-tilled fields, the cosy farmhouses, and picturesque cottages, can easily understand how such homelike places should be loved. It was, therefore, a very great pleasure to wander over such a farm as that of which we to-day show some photographs. The occupier, Mr. Alfred J. Smith, belongs to the very best type of tenant farmer. He will, perhaps,



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RED-POLLED BULL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Smith's house is a beautiful woodland belonging to a well-known sportsman. From an æsthetic point of view this is an advantage, and it brings to the neighbourhood many a sweet and attractive song-bird that otherwise would not come. While we were there the nightingale was singing all day long in the bushes, and the place is a favourite resort of the cuckoo. For some years one of

place. The only criticism we would care to pass upon it is that the house is comparatively new; for such a farm fancy conjures up an old-fashioned, lichened house with the marks of antiquity resting upon it, whereas the one here, though built upon the site of an older one, is itself modern.

Mr. Smith farms a very large amount of land, nearer 2,000 than 1,000 acres, and it is very typical of Suffolk, containing deep, rich feeding meadows, plenty of good arable land, and a quantity of heath pasture fit for nothing but a sheep run. To make the farming intelligible it should be kept in mind that this is one of the great game districts of England. Close beside



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SOME OF THE HERD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

forgive us for saying that he speaks with a broad Suffolk accent, and has the hearty, kindly manners that seem to be generated on the land. Needless to say, he is Suffolk to the backbone, and on this homestead is to be found a collection of all the best products of that county. In a second article we hope to publish some photographs of the splendid stud of Suffolk punches, which in themselves impart a distinguishing feature to the fields, for they are worked as ordinary farm horses, and not pampered for exhibition, as is the case with so many pedigree animals. Their chestnut colour and strong active frames are well suited to the sandy soil. Indeed, the harmony between the stock and the surroundings is one of the features of the

the latter has deposited its egg in the nest of a water-wagtail, and later in the year an amusing sight to be seen is that of the young cuckoo being fed by the two little wagtails, which, taken together, would not come to much more than an eighth of its weight. But it sits on a bough of the old oak on the lawn or a garden rail and gapes and swallows from daylight to dusk, while

the two small foster-parents are worked to death to provide it with grubs and other food. The incident is interesting in so far as it tends to show that the cuckoo, like various other migrants, returns to the same neighbourhood. In passing, we may say that the place is very rich in old trees. There is a giant oak on the lawn that well might have



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WONDER PEAR.

FAITHFUL.

SNOWDRIFT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FINE SUFFOLK RED-POLLS.

stood there a thousand years, and children might have swung from its great boughs in the time of Hereward the Wake, just as they may be seen swinging in the days of Edward VII. Close to the house there is a school, and the school children have what is probably the most delightful playground in England, evidently the remains of some park belonging to an ancient manor, for it is set with old oaks that might compare with those in the Great Park at Windsor. In driving or walking about the fields one is struck with the plentifulness of the game, partridges, pheasants, and hares, and as we were going to the sheepfold the wheel of the gig just grazed a pheasant's nest full of eggs. Partridges were in the height of the breeding season, and the sportive hares were playing in the clover. This is extremely pleasant for the sportsman and the lovers of natural history, but it has not the same attraction from the agricultural point of view.

Mr. Smith's name is known over the whole agricultural world as a breeder of red-poll cattle, the characteristic cows of East Anglia. We give a photograph of some of the herd, but it is impossible through the medium of black and white to do justice to these splendid-looking animals. The cows have been bred with so much care that they show scarcely a difference of shade in their colour, being all of the same dark silky red. Mr. Smith has kept them chiefly as dairy cattle, and is quite convinced of their excellence as milk producers. No doubt as far as quantity is concerned he is perfectly right, and as the milk from them is sent direct either to London or to Ipswich, the question of quantity is more important. Lovers of the breed uphold the quality of their milk also, but, taking all the milks of the cattle entered at the Dairy Show Milk Trials during ten years, we find that red-polls come out with an average of 3.62, which, of course, is not nearly the highest. The milk from each of the cows belonging to the Rendlesham and Eyke herd, sixty-three in number, has been weighed night and morning for many years, and the records may be found in the herd book of the breed. Let us take Billy's Pear as an example of the herd. She was calved in October, 1893, her sire being Billy 2,188, and her dam Sweet Pear 4,390. Her milk

record is as follows: She gave in 1902 7,809lb. of milk; in 1901, 7,222lb.; in 1900, 6,837lb.; in 1899, 6,758lb.; and in 1898, 7,563lb. Her mother, the already-mentioned Sweet Pear, gave in 1896 8,339lb. of milk, and in 1894 8,493lb. The three cows shown in one illustration, Wonder Pear, Faithful, and Snowdrift, have all been splendid milkers. Faithful was calved on June 12th, 1892, and last year she gave 8,543lb. of milk. Wonder Pear was calved in 1888, and has won many prizes. During the time she has been in milk she has given an average of 6,519lb. per annum, a wonderful average to have been kept up for a period of twelve years. Her dam, Ripe Pear, gave in 1890 1,088lb. of milk. Snowdrift was calved on May 25th, 1895, her sire being Abbott II., and her dam Snowball. She has won several prizes, and gave in 1902 9,318lb. of milk. The milk record therefore can only be described as extremely satisfactory.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

One of the early experiences of Mr.

Smith was that his father, at a very early age, put him under the shepherd, for it may be said that he is not one of your *couleur de rose* farmers, but has had to labour with his own hands, and the excellent shepherd, of whom he retains many pleasant and vivid memories, grounded him thoroughly in all that appertains to the rearing and treatment of

sheep and lambs. That, we take it, was a great deal better and more effective than the technical instruction now provided by the County Councils. It was no wonder then that he grew to love the black-faced Suffolk sheep with an affection equal to that which he bestowed on the Suffolk punches and the red-poll cattle. His flock, needless to say, is one of the most celebrated in Great Britain, and very fine the sheep looked on the occasion of the writer's visit. The ewes were folded with their lambs, and the latter, although this was before the beginning of May, were so far advanced as to hold forth high promise of lamb cutlets at Whitsuntide. At some distance from the ewes there was a great flock of rams, Mr. Smith having faith in the use of

mature rams instead of the eight-month lambs now so fashionable. The flock made a very striking picture with their shining black heads and black legs, thick fleeces and heavy bodies.

From these rough and hasty notes it will be apparent that Mr. Smith is something more than a typical Suffolk farmer.



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BILLY'S PEAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SUFFOLK RAMS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

He is, in fact, one of the leading agriculturists of our time, and has been on the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society since 1886. No doubt to some extent his taste for Suffolk breeds and livestock is a predilection gathered from association with his grandfather and father, but apart from that the wisdom of it is indisputable. Local breeds have not come into existence by mere hazard, but have been developed by the character of the soil to which they belong, and in nineteen cases out of twenty it is better to bring the local breed to perfection than to go to a distance for something that may appear better. The Punch, for example, belongs to the sandy soil just as certainly as the Shire grows out of the low alluvial marshlands, and the sheep of the Suffolk heaths has been evolved naturally from the pasture and the surroundings. There is



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FOLDED SUFFOLKS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a very great pleasure in meeting with a farmer so completely devoted to his own neighbourhood as is the tenant of Rendlesham.

POLO NOTES.



W. A. Rouch.

RUGBY AND OLD OXONIAN TEAMS AT ROEHAMPTON.

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THE weather and the spirits of players both brightened last week. It was no longer the afternoon's work to ride from one club to another in hopes that, perchance, it might be possible to play on one ground

or the other. Managers are naturally tender of their grass at this time of year. A severe game with the grounds in the state they are now would mean injuries which might not be recovered all the season. Practically up

to Wednesday, May 13th, the interest of polo was confined to the practice field at Roehampton, where some well-known men and ponies were to be seen knocking the ball about. Nowadays excellence at polo is not to be attained without hard work, and some of the very best players are always practising. There is one very useful stroke, the near-side back-hander, which depends very much on the control and freedom of the muscles which constant practice gives. I often wonder if people who look on at polo realise how many qualities of hand and eye go to make up a really first-class polo player. One of the charms of the game as a spectacle is that there seems to be so much chance in it, but as you come to understand more about it you see how great a share skill has in the game. Polo needs certain mental qualities too: a close attention and power of rapid anticipation. A really first-class player seems always on the ball, because he can often infer, from the position of the striker, towards what point the ball is likely to travel. The better weather of last week at once set all the clubs



W. A. Rouch.

CHANGING PONIES AT ROEHAMPTON.

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to work. Ranelagh played off their trial handicap tournament without off-side. The new ground at Ranelagh is as good a one as any in London, and, therefore, was a most suitable arena for the trial. The view expressed by several players and spectators was much more favourable to the absence of off-side than at Hurlingham. There can be no doubt that the games showed none of the stickiness that so often marks second-class matches. It is, of course, true that some credit must be given to the excellent handicapping which is the gift of the polo managers at Ranelagh. The players, even allowing for that, galloped much more than is usual in handicaps. The fact is, there is a point in the game of polo when men think they are combining but are really only sticking. An ideal polo team would be one in which all four men were interchangeable and could be trusted to do equally well in whatever place they found themselves. But in second-class polo it often happens that when a man is out of his place he is useless, and much time and some goals are lost while the team are once more arranging themselves. This desire to keep places rigidly is responsible for much stickiness. Anything that forces them to gallop out is a boon to such a team. If we may judge by the match last Saturday which took place between the Cavalry and Orleans in the Social Clubs' Tournament, the verdict of polo players seems likely to be favourable to the two alterations which were practically tested on that occasion. The new stick-crooking rule is merely that which has for some time been in use in India, with the wording slightly altered. I confess not to liking the change at first, but careful watching of the match at Hurlingham on Saturday makes me think that, in first-class polo, and with an umpire like Mr. John Watson, it works very well. As to the new off-side modification, it seems to meet the case of No. 1, since the change practically puts a stop to No. 4 pulling back his pony in such a way as to put No. 1 off-side. As the rule stands at present in the Hurlingham code, the frequent off-sides were a hindrance to the game, and only the best umpires could tell when they occurred, nor were they even very certain. Thus off-sides were often given when none had occurred, and the real offender who chanced being caught in order to make an almost certain goal, was not seldom rewarded for his misdeeds by success.

In the Cavalry v. Orleans match, in which the players were for the former club Captain Holland, Major Ansell, Major Vaughan, and Captain Neil Haig, and for the latter Mr. Walter McCreery, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and Mr. F. Hargreaves, we realised that the polo season had begun when Mr. Buckmaster came out in his best form for a run. Mr. Freake, too, was at his best. Thus the Orleans were perhaps rather stronger than the Cavalry, and were certainly better mounted. How could it be otherwise, with Mr. Freake's ponies and Mr. F. Hargreaves on their side.

The Saturday matches at Ranelagh were interesting, particularly the one in which the 1st Life Guards showed an excellent team—Mr. Guest, Captain E. Clowes, Mr. E. H. Brassey, and Captain Cookson. There was a very fast match last Thursday week, when Roehampton played Ranelagh on the ground of the latter club, the players being Mr. E. B. Horlick, Mr. Walter Jones, Captain Miller, and Mr. W. S. Buckmaster. This combination beat the Ranelagh four, Captain Holland, Major Vaughan, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Captain Neil Haig; but it was not an easy victory, for the victors were kept on the stretch the whole time.

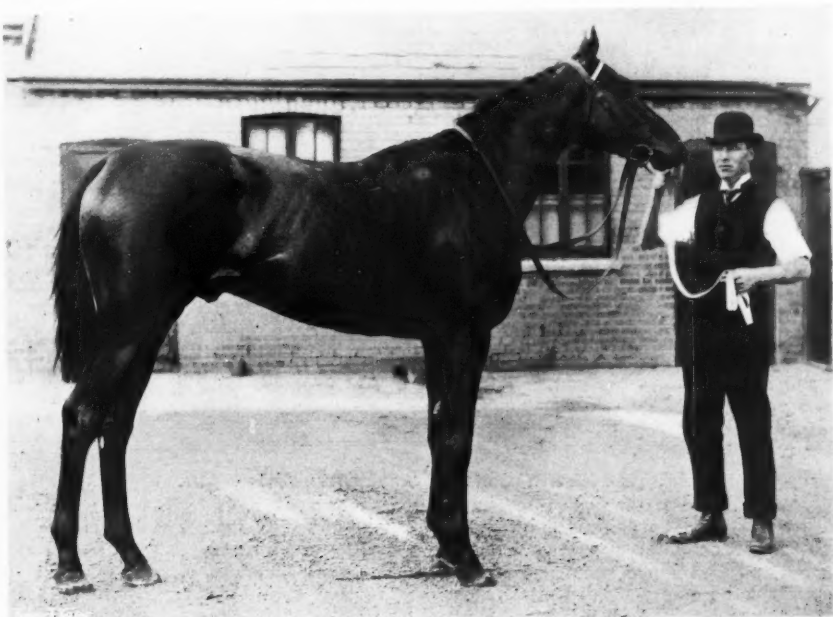
In the provinces Catterick Bridge was one of the county clubs to arrange an early start; but their match against Cleveland was practically

the opening on May 13th. Like other polo clubs, the weather has held them back. The ground was rather dead and neither side being very strong there was a good deal of missing and some sticky play; but men and ponies seemed to work themselves into form, and the latter periods were well contested. Cleveland won by 8 to 4 at last. Catterick Bridge is rather noted in Yorkshire for the excellence of its ground.

This Saturday will see the final of the Hunt Challenge Cup, and this combined with the Ladies' Driving Competition are the two attractions of Barnes for the close of the current week. There will, in fact, have been no less than four finals during the current week. C and D Teams at Ranelagh will fight out the handicap tournament. The Hurlingham Handicap has also to be finished, both these being played without off-side, whether modified or as formerly. The Social Clubs will finish an interesting tournament; White's, the Bachelors', and the Orleans are still in the running, and the final should be very exciting if, as is probable, White's survive to play the Orleans. X.

THE DERBY HORSES.

THE immediate result of the Newmarket Spring Meetings has been to strengthen the opinion that this year's Derby will be a one-horse race. At the Craven Meeting a stylish win by Sir E. Cassel's Sermon, and



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ROCK SAND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a somewhat sluggish performance by Rock Sand, who did not, apparently, win on the occasion of his preliminary outing as easily as he was expected to do, gave a somewhat open appearance to the Two Thousand Guineas, which, as we all know, was won by Rock Sand in a manner which was an effectual answer to his detractors.

Rock Sand, by Sainfoin, who won the Derby in 1890, out of Roquebrune, was bred by his owner, Sir James Miller, at Newmarket. He is a powerful, well-coupled brown horse, standing about 15h. 3in. He made his first appearance on a race-course in the Bedford Two Year Old Stakes, which he won in a canter, starting untried, and, unfortunately for his connections, practically unbacked. His next appearance was in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, which he won from a large field, among whom were Kroonstadt and William Rufus.

He continued his winning career by taking the Coventry Stakes at Ascot after a desperate struggle with Baroness La Flèche, the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket in July, where Sermon was his best opponent and nearest attendant, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, again defeating William Rufus, who this time was only a length away, Sermon, and Hammerkop.

Hitherto he had been ridden by Maher, whose services were claimed for his stable companion, Flotsam, in the Middle Park Plate, in which, owing either to indisposition or to want of harmony between him and his rider, W. Lane, he suffered defeat for the only time in his career, finishing third to Flotsam and Greatorex. At the Houghton Meeting he speedily regained his position as the best colt of the year, by winning the Dewhurst Plate with the greatest ease, Greatorex on this occasion occupying third place, His Majesty's Mead being second. As already recorded, he met all the best of the opponents



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HIS MAJESTY'S MEAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

already named in the Two Thousand Guineas, and the manner in which he won appeared effectually to dispose of the chance of any of them reversing positions with him so long as he keeps well.

Flotsam, by St. Frusquin out of Float, who may fairly claim to be the second best colt of the year, is a bay, and was also bred by his present owner, Sir Daniel Cooper. He ran three times as a two year old, his maiden essay at Goodwood in the Rous Memorial Stakes being unsuccessful. He was only beaten a short head by Tippler, and doubtless his defeat was due to inexperience. He won the Imperial Produce Stakes from Countermark and other inferior horses at Kempton in October, and finished the year by winning the Middle Park Plate after a close set-to with Greatorex—a lucky victory, as I have already

hopeless chances. The former is a chestnut colt, by Melton out of Simena, bred and owned by Mr. Musker, who has hitherto failed to have any success with the progeny of Melton after the completion of their second year. His solitary victory was in the British Dominion Two Year Old Stakes at Sandown, when he defeated fair performers in Chaucer and Hammerkop, and he put in a respectable performance behind Rock Sand in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. He failed signally this year in the Craven Stakes, won by Countermark (in a snowstorm), and made no show in the Two Thousand Guineas. Sir Edgar Vincent's Countermark only won one small race in twelve attempts last year, but seems to have made more improvement than his contemporaries, as he ran fourth in the Guineas. Greatorex, who was nearly as good as Flotsam last year, and Sizergh have been withdrawn from the race. I do not know if Kingsclere will be represented by the Duke of Westminster's Songcraft, who ran once last year, when obviously backward, and who may be a nice horse. The French horse Vinicius is generally regarded as a serious danger to Rock Sand. I do not share in the opinion which has established him as second favourite. His supremacy as a two year old in France was not as marked as that of his great rival on this side of the Channel. At the present moment he is estimated to be inferior to his compatriot and contemporary Caius, and as he runs on Sunday in the French Derby, and has the Channel to cross on his way to Epsom, he will hardly be at his best when he arrives at his destination. I shall be very surprised if he finishes in front of Flotsam, whom I expect to see again as the nearest attendant to his stable companion when the latter passes the judge's box and wins Sir James Miller his second Derby.

RACING NOTES.

THE three days of the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket were not productive of much excitement. Bistonian, who has not won a race since his series of successes as a three year old in 1901, made his reappearance in the Newmarket Handicap, which he won comfortably from a field of eleven horses for his owner, Lord Farquhar, on Tuesday. As was to be anticipated after the Two Thousand Guineas, Flotsam and Rabelais maintained their relative positions, and, with Rock Sand out of the way, squandered the rest of the field in the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday, while Mead performed the easy task set him in the Payne Stakes the next day in a satisfactory manner, winning the first race in which the Royal colours have been seen in front this year.

As is to be expected thus early in the year, unknown youngsters made their *début* by defeating good public performers of their own age, who were backed with extreme confidence. On Wednesday the Duke of Portland's The Scribe, by Isinglass out of Memoir, did credit to his distinguished parentage by defeating Marmontel, who had run well the previous week, and Mr. Joel's Week End gave backers a still more unpleasant surprise, when he got home in front of Ireland and Quisiana, who had both won good races, in the Breeders' Stakes on Thursday. Mr. Brassey's Merryman should have given followers of public form some consolation by taking the Bedford Two Year Old Stakes on the same day, but they preferred the chances of Lord Stanley's Kilmorna colt, who had won at Liverpool, and who, starting with odds of 7 to 4 on him, ran second. So far I am not inclined to think we have seen any two year old of great promise out this year, and I should say the



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MR. ARTHUR JAMES'S RABELAIS.

"C.L."

related. The joint value of these two races was just over £5,000. The stable estimate has always made him out inferior to Rock Sand, and it was fully confirmed in the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he was second, while his running in that race with Rabelais, who finished third to the pair, was repeated in the Newmarket Stakes last week, when they were respectively first and second. Both Rock Sand and Flotsam are trained by Blackwell at Newmarket, who seems tolerably certain to send out his first Derby winner next week.

Rabelais, bred and owned by Mr. Arthur James, the new steward of the Jockey Club, by St. Simon out of Satirical, had almost as brilliant a two year old career as his two great rivals. He was only once defeated, in his first race at Sandown in April, by Our Lassie, when he lost nearly 100yds. at the start, and made up his ground so rapidly that he finished second, a length and a-half from the winner. Subsequently he won in succession the Triennial Stakes at Ascot, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown (worth over £4,000, the most valuable two year old race of the year), giving Countermark, among others, 10lb., the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, and the Buckenham Stakes at Newmarket, the total of his winnings being little short of £7,000. He never met any of the best of his own sex, Skyscraper, whom he defeated at Goodwood, being perhaps the best of those who finished behind him. He is rather a small bay, built on compact lines, and should be well suited by the Epsom gradients and sharp turns, but he is hardly likely to reverse positions with his more powerfully-framed opponents.

His Majesty's Mead, by Persimmon out of Meadow Chat, bred at the Royal Stud at Sandringham, is a massive chestnut, who will probably be a better horse relatively when he is older. He won a race at Goodwood, defeating a smart filly in Hammerkop, and another at Newmarket in October, when Sermon was a long way behind him. Perhaps his best performance was running second to Rock Sand in the Middle Park Plate. His latest victory was in the Payne Stakes at Newmarket, after running unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas, but he had a very easy task, and popular as the victory of the Royal colours in the Derby would be, those who travel to Epsom on the chance of joining in the ovation can have but a faint hope of seeing their loyal wishes gratified. Rabelais and Mead are trained by Richard Marsh at Newmarket.

William Rufus and Countermark must represent still more



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SIR DANIEL COOPER'S FLOTSAM.

"C.L."



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SIR E. VINCENT'S COUNTERMARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Brocklesby winner, Marsden, who is, unfortunately, a gelding, is the best of that age who have as yet carried silk.

Excellent racing was seen at Gatwick on Friday and Saturday. Roseate Dawn made amends, as I anticipated he would not be long in doing, for his unlucky defeat at Kempton by winning the Worth Stakes for two year olds in a canter, and he will probably prove worth following.

The most important race on Friday was the Alexandra Handicap, run over six furlongs, which Cossack, in the same ownership as the Derby favourite, Rock Sand, won by a head from Engineer, to whom he was conceding nearly two stone. The performance was a good one, and it must make Sundridge's claim to supremacy over a six-furlong course open to question. The poor show made by Valiant, who was thought to be a good horse this time last year, occasioned some surprise, but his day will probably come later. There was a fair field for the equally valuable Prince's Handicap on Saturday, run over a mile and a-half, which was won easily by the Metropolitan hero, Wavelet's Pride, a powerful horse, who can apparently stay for ever, and whom the heavy going must have exactly suited. Why he was allowed to start at an outside price in such moderate company it is difficult to understand, but probably his being ridden by an inexperienced apprentice had something to say to it. He is, however, an easy horse to ride, and his success makes the fourth important handicap victory he has gained this year, in addition to two creditable seconds—a useful record, even should he do nothing more, to repay the modest outlay which represents the purchase-money paid for him by Major Edwardes. The only other race of any value was the Marlborough Stakes for three year olds, which was won by Mr. Whitney's Pan Michael, in receipt of a stone from St. Emilion, who was a good second. The £1,000 Haydock Park Handicap, also run on Saturday, was won by Scullion, who revels in heavy going, and who won the Ascot Stakes last year, when he was equally well suited in that respect. The remainder of the week's racing may be passed over.

KAPPA.

ANIMALS AT . . . THE ACADEMY.

THERE are always a great number of works at the Academy in which animals figure, either as principal or subsidiary subjects. If we were to count as animal-pictures all those in which fur, feather, or fin find a place, probably nearly half the exhibition would come under review; but in this article it is proposed to consider only those works in which the animals play a leading part. In the present exhibition, Mr. Swan's failure to show anything in this branch of art makes itself sensibly felt. He stands easily first among animal painters, and still more among sculptors, and, like Sirius among stars, he must be given a class all to himself. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if he had a greater gift of imagination, and were less of a pure realist, he would rank among the finest animal artists of any age. From Mr. Swan to the next rank there is a big drop, and we come to a large and miscellaneous class who mostly content themselves with specialising in one particular branch of their art. Thus we get an endless procession of cattle-pictures, horse-pictures, dog-pictures, sheep-pictures, lion-pictures, and so forth, the greater number astonishingly commonplace, and not a few technically very bad. Most rarely do we find one that has some arresting quality

which makes it stand out from the undistinguished mass. This quality is undoubtedly possessed by Sir Harry Johnston's "Marabou Storks." The principal bird is spread out over the canvas in an attitude suggestive of Japanese art, and there is something Japanese, too, in the precision and fidelity with which the details of the drawing are rendered. Considerable decorative feeling, together with a bold, uncompromising presentment of fact, combine to make an unusual and striking picture, if a somewhat hard one. Another remarkable work is Mr. Dollman's "Mowgli made Leader of the Bandar-Log." There can be no question as to the extreme cleverness of the drawing and characterisation of the crowd of "Monkey-People" surrounding Mowgli, and the various expressions of their faces are most convincingly realised. It is, however, in spite of the dexterity of the painting, a picture which cannot be called exactly a pleasant one. It is very large, the colour is hot and somewhat crude, while in most people the swarm of gibbering, leering monkeys will raise a feeling perilously near disgust. Then, too, the device of placing the principal groups in shadow while the less interesting parts of the picture are brilliantly lit, is not very successful.

The two paintings above mentioned pretty well exhaust the list of what can be called unusually striking presentments of animals. The numerous other animal-pictures are exactly like what they have been for years past, and presumably will be for years to come. Indeed, so little do some of them vary from season to season, that it is difficult to believe they have not been "left over" from past exhibitions. Mr. Peter Graham's cattle and the sheep of Mr. Davis belong to this class. There is no doubt that they find sincere admirers among the less artistic sections of the public. But the qualities which go to make an admirable photograph are not exactly those we look for in a painting, while in point of accuracy and detail the camera will always have the advantage over the human hand and eye.

The pernicious effect of too much photographic study can



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WILLIAM RUFUS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be observed in numbers of modern animal-paintings, especially those of horses in action. The creatures are frequently represented in strange ungainly attitudes which the unaided eye has never seen, and consequently cannot recognise as correct, the arrested momentary impression of a moving object on the sensitive plate being totally different from the continuous succession of images of the same object on the retina. It would seem absurd to enlarge on such an obvious fact, but that artists who should know better are continually transgressing in this respect. Thus in Lady Butler's picture one of the galloping horses is shown poised on one leg, while the other three wave loose in the air, an attitude often to be met with in instantaneous photography, but never, it is safe to say, in any work of art

executed previously to that invention. Mr. Frank Calderon's "Grey Mare" is not open to this criticism, the animal being finely drawn and the action excellently observed. The picture is, unfortunately, not on a high level in other respects. Possibly the people who frequent horse-auctions are vulgar and unpleasant to look at, but this need not have been so mercilessly insisted on, nor need the sky and parts of the background have been of so heavy and livid a colour.

Of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welsh's pictures there is not much to be said, except that they are well drawn and fairly well painted. They have little charm of atmosphere, colour, or composition, and cannot therefore be ranked very high as works of art. They are, however, on a different level from the inevitable sporting pictures, without which no Academy would be complete. "A Check," "Out of the Wood," and "Where is the Field?" are specimens of this type. They will, no doubt, give much pleasure to many worthy folk, and they (or others undistinguishable from them) may be seen adorning the grocers' almanacks any Christmas, but whether they should form part of an exhibition of serious art is another question. However, they are perhaps to be preferred to yet another class of animal-picture, in which pink, juicy puppies or equally pink pigs form the principal ingredients. These are generally labelled with some mock-heroic or humorous title, such as "The Age of Innocence," "A Mighty Hunter," or "A Borough Council." So that the element of contrast (or is it humour?) shall not be wanting, the authorities have hung the first-named immediately against a peculiarly delicate and charming little portrait (by Mrs. Stokes) reminiscent of the primitive Italians in manner and handling.

The cat tribe, whether large or small, is very poorly represented this year. Mr. Wardle has two large pictures of leopards, which are competently painted, but it must be confessed that the constant repetition of the same theme tends to weary the beholder. It is much to be wished that someone would discover a fresh field in this branch of art. At present the few painters of wild animals follow in one another's footsteps with a most tiresome want of individuality, and the imaginative qualities are sadly lacking in their work.

It is difficult to know under what head pictures like those of Mr. Wright Barker should be classed. His "A Little Child shall Lead Them" takes one back to an earlier and more primitive stage of art development—that of coloured illustrations to family Bibles, or the nursery pictures of fifty years ago. This survival on the walls of the Academy of an obsolete form of art is curious, but perhaps it need not be considered too seriously.

This year's sculpture shows scarcely any works which have animals for their main theme. The gap made by the absence of Mr. Swan is even more noticeable here than among the pictures. The "Pegasus" of Mr. Gilbert Bayes is a praiseworthy attempt to depart from what is merely realistic. He has, however, on former occasions exhibited more successful works than this, such as his remarkably fine low relief, "Jason Ploughing the Field of Mars," the fire-breathing oxen in which were splendid. They led one to expect very good things from him, a promise it is to be hoped he will still fulfil. The remaining animal sculpture consists of a few insignificant statuettes, which are not worth detailed notice. J. C. C.

A BOOK OF VERSES.

PLEASURE too seldom encountered is that of meeting with a modern poet whose work gives some of the pleasure derived from the old masters of verse. But it has really come to us with Bliss Carman in *The Pipes of Pan* (Murray). We cannot count the author a great poet, but he is a true one, and he is what Carlyle used to maintain every bard should be—the interpreter of the spirit of his own age. He is as much as that, even though he has gone to Greek and Roman legends for his themes. The great god Pan, and Syrinx and Marsyas, and all the Dryads and Fauns, are dead, and live only in the literature which gave them significance. The world, which we are so often assured to be growing old, is really little changed in the scrap of time represented by a thousand years, and presents to-day the same material, the same mystery and beauty, the same pleasure and pain that it did to the earliest of the poets. Even belief, after passing through a stage when all was thought settled and definite, has returned to the old nebulous hope, and Mr. Bliss Carman probably expresses a very general idea in his "Overlord":

"Lord of the grass and hill,
Lord of the rain,
White Overlord of will,
Master of pain.

"I who am dust and air,
Blown through the halls of death,
Like a pale ghost of prayer—
I am thy death,
"Lord of the blade and leaf,
Lord of the bloom,
Sheer Overlord of grief,
Master of doom."

He ends with a "Prayer in the Rose Garden," which might equally have been made either by an "Eathen Greek" or by a twentieth century apostle of "Cultshaw":

"Make me, Lord, for beauty,
Only this I pray,
Like my brother roses,
Growing day by day.
"Body, mind, and spirit,
As thy voice may urge
From the wondrous twilight
At the garden's verge.
"Till I be as they be,
Fair, then blown away,
With a name like attar,
Remembered for a day."

But it is the "woodnote wild" that gives the principal charm to these poems. He addresses Syrinx as a lover of this day and hour, who, if he were of a romantic turn, might speak thus to his mistress: "Once . . . O little girl, lift up that dear, mild, tender, wood-nymph's face."

Possibly it would have been stronger to deal with his subject more directly, and have left out the Greek machinery. Every great poem, says an Arabian authority, ought to have in it stars and moonshine and falling water, but we find the glamour of them changing as with the revolving ages we change our point of view. Let anyone consider how the beauty of the following passage depends on its mythical reference:

"As the mountain twilight stole
Through the woods from bole to bole,
A dumb warder setting free
Every shy divinity,
I became aware of each
Presence, aspen, bass, and beech;
And they all found voice, and made
A green music in the shade."

The rendering of the fine effect produced when dusk falls on the woodland can hardly be improved on. It will be seen that Mr. Carman is what in to-day's jargon is called a Nature-poet, as if Nature-worship were not the very basis and root of it all. Nature surely supplies the eternal stage whereon for a little day a man or a generation plays a brief part and is gone. We give one more extract in order to show the pictorial quality of the verse, and shall then leave the reader to study the work for himself. It is from "Syrinx," and it is she who speaks:

"Babylonian Mylitta heard me keep the limpid tune,
When the lovers danced before her at the feast of the new moon,
Till the rosy flowers of beauty through her sacred groves were strewn.
"And Sidonian Astarte and the Asian Cypriote
Knew the large, unhurried measure of my earth-sweet pagan rote,
When the dancing youths before them followed me from note to note.
"Where some lithe Bithynian flute-boy nude and golden in the sun,
Set his red mouth to the twin pipes, I was in each pause and run,
When his manhood took the meaning of the love-notes one by one.
"And amid the fields of iris by the blue Ionian sea,
I was solemn-hearted sweetness and pure passion soon to be
In the dark-haired little maid who piped her budding melody.
"I was youth and love and rapture, I was madness in their veins,
Calling through the heats of summer, calling in the soft spring rains,
From the olive Phrygian hillsides and the deep Boeotian plains."

CORRESPONDENCE.

LABOURERS' COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read what Sir William Chance says upon the subject of labourers' cottages, in your issue of May 16th, with much interest, and I suppose no one can disagree with a word he says. After dealing with the question so far as Acts of Parliament affect it, he makes two points—one the hindrance caused by building bye-laws, and the other the increased cost of building owing to the workman at the present time not putting forth his full, or nearly his full, energy. There can be no doubt that building bye-laws have a paralysing effect on enterprise in building. Anyone contemplating building will first see under what conditions he has to build, and on looking through the bye-laws of his neighbourhood he will at once find that even the thickness of his walls is settled for him, as well as the height of his rooms and the size of his windows, and numberless other minor details. All such conditions paralyse enterprise, and architects naturally fall into the way of using a set form of specification which complies with the requirements of the bye-laws. What is the use of thinking what might be done when you are told that you must do so and so? For example, the mud walls of Wiltshire are

excellent walls for cottages, if properly made, and the possibilities of this cement concrete walls have not nearly been explored. When concrete building is spoken of it is always taken for granted that Portland cement will be used, and I believe more cement than is necessary is usually used; but there is no reason why blue lias lime should not be tried as a substitute, and it is possible that it would be found both cheaper and better. As an example of the architect's specification formula way of building, I saw, only lately, a large house being built of brick when all the farms and cottages around are built of excellent stone, which can be quarried close to the site, and, indeed, all the bricks have had to be brought up a long steep hill and past the mouth of two or three good quarries which are open and being worked. But then, unfortunately, probably neither the town architect's office nor the office specification has any information on the use of this stone, and bye-laws read as though it were taken for granted that brick is the only reasonable building material for walls. It is striking how seldom the architect's building seems to suit the country, and yet the traditional building of every neighbourhood always suits its surroundings. To obtain cheap cottages (and they are not cheap if they soon need repair), I feel sure that the aim should be not to thin down the materials to the last shaving that is safe, but to aim at making the buildings capable of being done as far as possible by labourers (as opposed to mechanics) who, if possible, have some reason for wishing to get the work done. A bonus for completing the work by a given time would be found very effective.—THACKERAY TURNER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I submit that the essential thing to be done if an adequate supply of proper cottages is ever to be obtained in rural as also in urban districts, is to reintroduce the free play of the laws of supply and demand. We may assume, I think (1), that a decent country cottage cannot be let on a commercial basis for less than, say, 3s. a week; and (2) that an agricultural labourer, whose wages (as shown recently in Mr. Wilson Fox's paper at the Statistical Society) are fully 50 per cent. higher than they were fifty years ago, can better afford to-day to pay 3s. than he could afford at the earlier period to pay 1s. 6d. Yet Mr. Rider Haggard tells us that the normal rent remains to-day at 1s. 6d. And for this price there are let cottages, some of them worth barely the 1s. 6d., others worth anything up to 5s. or 6s. Naturally, the labourer, if he can get from his own master a cottage worth, say, 3s. for 1s. 6d., will not pay to an outsider 4s. for a cottage worth that sum. But if each cottage were at its market price, his decision, if he was a thrifty man with a large family, might be different. And so there would arise a commercial demand for good new cottages. My suggestion, then, is that the rents of existing cottages should be put at their real market value. If the squire lets his cottages direct, let him raise his cottage rents and reduce his farm rents *pro tanto*. Then the farmer can afford to raise wages. If the cottages are let with the farm the farmer can raise wages and rents simultaneously. Of course, the farmer will not do it. He will say he has too little control over his men as it is, and that he would lose what little he now has if it were not for their fear of being turned out of their cottages. But, in fact, the dislike of the younger men for the condition of tutelage in which they are kept is one main reason why they are leaving the land. If a man were free to live in a cottage on the farm if he liked, or, if he and his wife preferred it, to live in the village near the school and the public house, without any sacrifice of income, in the long run, at least, the farmer would benefit. But as long as it is regarded as philanthropy to give charity in lieu of adequate wages; as long as political capital is to be made out of promises to house workmen at the expense not of his employers but of the community at large, so long it is presumably hopeless to expect to see any such commonplace solution of a pressing problem.—W. M. A.

POMERANIAN FOSTER-MOTHERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A curious case of foster-mothering occurred at Worlaby Vicarage, Lincolnshire, in August last. Unknown to anyone, a stray cat of the common English type made a home for herself in a pigstye, in deep straw, not three feet from two large black pigs, and only parted from them by a light wooden hurdle. In this warm and unusual spot three little kittens were born. But when about a week old they were discovered to be alone; the little mother had gone, and it was feared that she had met with an untimely end while absent from her home. In any case, she never returned, and her helpless progeny were left utterly unprovided for. The question of how they should be fed was not easy to decide with kittens of nine or ten days old. Although the experiment proved most difficult, the little things were at once fed with a spoon, with new warm milk, six times a day, and thrived well. The dogs of the house, all Pomeranians, were much interested in the feeding process carried on so many times a day, and after watching keenly for a day or two, one of them, Betty, gently laid herself in the straw with the little orphans



and stayed there, her example being followed by another tender-hearted Pom, who shared the care of the kittens by day and by night, only leaving them for food or for a walk, and even then returning hurriedly back to the nest, as a female does when possessing young of her own. Neither of these two self-constituted nurses had any provision for puppies wherewith to feed them, but have allowed them to draw, even till now, as if milk were to be found. The case is, no doubt, an unusual one, and the devotion of the dogs and cats, all along, to each other has been beautiful to behold. The Poms carried them about in their mouths, and showed anxiety when any strangers went in to visit the kittens, defending them also when they took to climbing and running about after the manner of kits. They are of the tabby kind, extremely sweet-tempered, friendly with all dogs, and they know no fear of man or beast, doubtless the result of so much care from the beginning of their lives, and from their association with the canine race. The photograph shows two of the Pomeranians, Toots and Betty, with the kittens, in the sunshine.—E. A. L.

A CHICKEN HATCHED AFTER TWELVE MONTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a chicken whose history is so peculiar that I think it may interest you and your readers. The bird has just been hatched from an egg which was laid in April, 1902, and placed in a solution of water-glass for preservation.

On April 16th, 1903, the egg was put in an incubator, and the subject of the photograph is the result. It is a quite strong healthy little chick, and I hope to be able to bring it up, as a bird with such antecedents cannot fail to be interesting. E. DEARE.

[Similar cases have been reported before, and after having investigated the present one we have no hesitation in accepting our correspondent's statement, however extraordinary it may appear. A gentleman who has studied the subject asserts that there would be no difficulty in hatching chickens from eggs so preserved were it not that the solution hardens the shell to such an extent that the chicken is unable to chip it at the right moment. It would be interesting to have this scientifically tested.—Ed.]



ECONOMIES IN DAIRY FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice Mr. McConnell in the review of my book on "Economies in Dairy Farming" has charged me with the sin of omission. He appears surprised that I did not "make anything of the connection between the yellow colour of the skin of some breeds, and the rich colour of the cream, and the rich quality of the milk." I cannot go quite so far as Mr. McConnell does in agreeing that the colour of the skin is the reliable "guide" he considers it to be. I would point out that (1) if a Jersey cow is fed with an excess of mangels, grains, or other unsuitable foods, her milk will produce butter of a pale or sometimes of almost a white colour, although the colour of her skin has not changed; (2) a dark or mulberry-coloured Jersey cow always has a yellower skin than a light fawn one, but I have not found in the butter test trials that the dark cow yields more butter or better butter than the light one, which she should do if the richness of the cream or milk depended on the colour of her skin; (3) the skin of the Guernsey cows generally is of a deeper yellow hue than the skin of the Jerseys, but the Guernseys have never beaten the Jerseys in butter test trials, the analyses of the milk and the butter ratios both showing that the Guernsey milk is not so rich as the Jersey. For these reasons I could not in my book recommend the colour of the skin as a reliable test of the quality of the milk and cream a cow will yield. I will not try to persuade Mr. McConnell to change his opinions as to the value of the escutcheon theory, but I would venture to ask him to explain how it is that in the island of Jersey and in America animals with good escutcheons command higher prices than those that have bad ones, other points being equal.—ERNEST MATHEW.

THE BEST SIZE OF SHOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thank "Cornish Chough" for his good-humoured acceptance of my corrections to the scientific side of his article on the best size of shot to use. He is, however, quite mistaken in saying that I missed his point. I observed that he was arguing in favour of No. 7 shot as an all-round size for the season, and I purposely avoided entering into a correspondence on a mere matter of opinion. Personally, I never met any shooter who used No. 7 shot as an all-round one. Colonel Hawker liked it for partridges, and so do many others, but the Colonel had hardly shot half-a-dozen in his life. I cannot help thinking that the shooter who, at 45yds., is afraid of killing his game too dead with any shot does not exist; although "Cornish Chough" asks what is the use of doing more than kill it with No. 7. Since he has challenged my views from the practical side, I will say I think he is totally wrong in his estimate of distances, or else that No. 7 is a cruel size to shoot at pheasants 45yds. away. Indeed, "Cornish Chough" supports this view in his former letter. He thinks No. 7 is best because it most often catches them under the chin. This is true, no doubt; but at the same time the shooter who uses a shot that is only satisfactory when it accidentally hits that small object, must hit elsewhere (unsatisfactorily) as many times more as the surface of the pheasant is bigger than his chin. This is what I regard as the cruel wounding of game. The charge recommended by "Cornish Chough" will not at 45yds. stop a pheasant twice in three times, however well it is directed. It will not stop a pigeon once in three times, and the proof of it is that small shot are not used at the pigeon clubs for second barrels, not even when the shooter is at 23yds.

I do not quite see how No. 7 can be called an all-round shot when, as

suggested by "Cornish Chough," it will not do for so many things. Rabbits he excepts, wild ducks he excepts, and late grouse he excepts. It is true that he hears of the best man in Wales at high pheasants, who kills them with even smaller shot. I know Wales well and the talk of the gunners there, and I am convinced that "Cornish Chough" has got hold of a traveller's tale. I have heard the same sort any time for forty years past; but they always melt away upon investigation. Against this shooting of high pheasants with No. 8 shot allow me to give an experience. One off-day on a grouse moor I was very anxious to kill a bird or two over a very nice puppy, without having two shots fired for every bird killed, for the puppy was nervous. I invited the best shot of the party to bring his gun, and he can hold his own in any company. But on this occasion, to his surprise and mine, he could not kill easy shots that rose in front of the points. Upon making an examination of the cartridges we found No. 8 shot, and no other reason, accountable for the birds he had feathered and not killed.

I would submit, as it is admitted that a difference of 62 foot-pounds between the two loads at 45yds. exists, that only on the ground of game being killed too dead with the bigger shot is it possible to support the use of the smaller.

There are not many good shots who would consent to be limited to shooting at 45yds. and no further, and yet to pull trigger at a retreating fast-driven grouse, when he was 45yds. from the shooter, would not be of any use whatever with No. 7 shot. "Smothering not smashing" is a good rule for small birds, up to the size of a September partridge, and No. 7 shot will kill half-feathered grouse at certain distances; but as an all-round shot-size it is very unpopular, as any gunmaker could have informed your contributor. I sincerely trust that it always will be so, for I like game on the table neither smashed at short range, which is a fault of No. 7, or wounded and gangrened, and caught by the retriever next day, which is also a result of trying to kill long shots with unsuitable small shot.

The admission made by "Cornish Chough" that the all-round load he recommends would not suit crack shots, seems to me to settle the question; for however badly people shoot, they all aim at improvement, and aspire to become crack shots. To arm them for ever worse than the best is to keep them below the standard.—ARGUS OLIVE.

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE PEACOCK

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Seeing your photographs of peacocks in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I send the enclosed photograph of a tame white peacock, taken on Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore, in case you would care to publish it in your paper.—E. N. BUXTON.

"TWENTY YEARS AFTER."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be pleased if you will reproduce the photographs of my "historic" pony, born and bred on Dartmoor, now *thirty* years ago. He was bought for me at four years old, with brand on his flank, a hole and two snicks in his ears; a perfect imp of mischief, a "bucker" worthy of "Buffalo Bill's" show. Although only 12h. 1in. in height, he proved a marvellous fencer, frequently clearing posts-and-rails, five-barred gates, etc., and became a well-known figure in the hunting-field of North Hants. Photograph No. 1 shows myself on Duke, aged five. Becoming too tall for him, he was sold to a neighbour, where he led a useful and happy life for seventeen years. Mean-

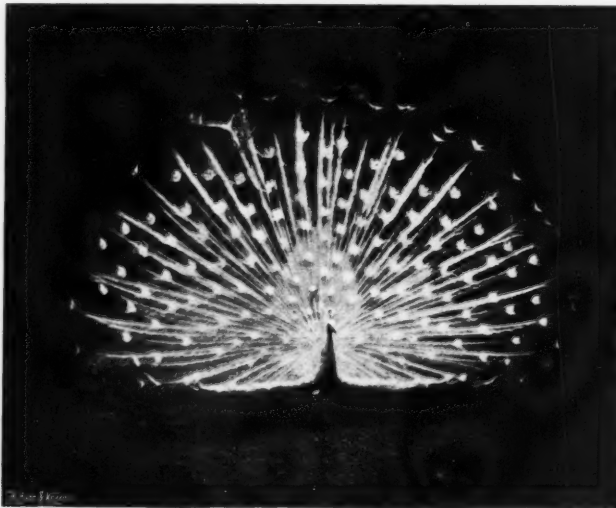


DUKE, AGED TWENTY-FIVE.



DUKE, AGED FIVE.

while I married, and photograph No. 2 shows Duke, aged twenty-five, carrying the six year old little daughter to whom he had been presented at Christmas. When in his thirtieth year Duke jumped out of his paddock, over a quick-set hedge 3ft. 6in. high and 2ft. thick. He still carries his little mistress out hunting, and trots along gaily with a tiny cart, and what Duke does not know of equine education is not worth knowing.—VIOLET AGNES BURNETT.



A BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

THE DEATHS OF TREES IN CITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In reference to the interesting correspondence in your columns on the subject of the malformation and deaths of trees, I see that the United States Forest Department has held an enquiry into the cause of the deaths of trees in the old-fashioned Long Island town of Flushing. It has been celebrated for its trees for nearly two centuries. The oaks under which George Fox preached Quakerism stood until 1863, and nurseries and tree-raising have always been a leading industry of the place. The streets are full of large oaks, maples, limes, and tulip-trees. It is said that there are 150 kinds of trees in the town, many of them 100 years old. Lately many of these have died from obscure causes. The report of the expert was awaited with some interest. Part were killed by insects. Of these, the worst was the leopard moth. The caterpillar enters the bark of a twig just under a bud, and first devours the pith and wood of the tender twig. It then, as it grows, works into the larger shoots, then on to the branches, and sometimes into the trunk. Other insects devour the leaves, notably the caterpillars of the tussock moth. But a tree will stand being stripped of its leaves in this way for three seasons—after that it suffers. The other injuries were mainly due to roads, gas, and trams. Overhead tram-wires, if they touch the trees, damage and sometimes set fire to them. Injury to the roots by sewers and pavements is also common; but the worst enemy is the leaky gas-main. It poisons trees beyond recovery. The greater part of the tree-destruction in Flushing was due to this. It was recommended that where trees were killed by gas-mains or trams the companies should be required to replace them, and to pay the cost of removal, and that all trees in city parks be annually manured with wood ashes, as they do not benefit by the autumn fall of the leaf, and that in winter those infested with insects should be sprayed. I may add that the leopard moth is very common in London, where it does great damage to trees, and that we suffer from what the Americans apparently do not, viz., the goat moth. I have seen some young trees of about twenty years' growth entirely destroyed by these big caterpillars recently. The leaky gas-main is a great offender in London also.—C. J. CORNISH.

IVY POISONING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After reading your correspondent's letter on the above subject, I think her suffering must be due to the Virginian creeper on her house. One of these is very poisonous, and I have two plants of it in my garden, and my gardeners suffer precisely as your correspondent describes whenever they gather or prune these plants. I also found one of my house servants suffer in the same way whose bedroom window was surrounded by the same creeper. I am told it is known now as the poisonous Virginian creeper.—H. RHODES.